

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *On the Exploration of the North Polar Region.* By Captain Sherard Osborn, R.N., C.B. A Paper read at a Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on January 23rd, 1865.
2. *On the Origin and Migrations of the Greenland Esquimaux.* By Clements R. Markham, Secretary R. G. S.
3. *On the Proposed Expedition to the North Pole: a Letter addressed to Sir Roderick Murchison, K.C.B.* By Dr. Augustus Petermann.
4. *Second Letter to Sir Roderick Murchison on the subject of North Polar Exploration.* By Dr. A. Petermann.
5. *On the best Route for North Polar Exploration.* By Clements R. Markham, Secretary R. G. S. A Paper read at a Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on April 10th, 1865.
6. *Minute, on the North Polar Exploration, passed by the Council of the Linnæan Society.*
7. *Notes on the Ice between Greenland and Nova Zembla; being the results of Investigations into the Records of Early Dutch Voyages in the Spitzbergen Seas.* By Captain Jansen, of the Dutch Navy.

WE have only to cast our eyes over the map of the world, and we shall at once see how small a portion is as yet thoroughly explored. On a recent occasion, when the discoveries of Mr. Taylor, in the region round the sources of the Tigris, were under discussion, Sir Henry Rawlinson truly remarked that, out of Europe, we really knew little of the geography of the world, beyond the high roads of communication. Palestine itself, the common fatherland of all Christians, is not half known, and still awaits the operations of a modern exploration Society. Central Asia is not more accessible than it was in the days of Marco Polo. The land routes from India and Burmah to China are closed to us. Corea and New Guinea are unknown lands. Africa is a vast continent teeming with unsolved geographical problems. In South America, thousands upon thousands of square miles have never been trodden by a civil-

ized explorer. But it is in the extreme north and south that the widest extent of unknown region still offers a field for enterprise.

The North Polar region, that immense tract of hitherto unpenetrated land and sea which surrounds one end of the axis of our earth, is one of the most interesting fields of discovery that remain. To the people of this country it should have a peculiar charm, for the record of maritime, and especially of Arctic enterprise, runs, like a bright silver thread, through the history of the English nation, lighting up its darkest and most discreditable periods, and ever giving cause for just pride at times when contemporary events would be sources only of shame and sorrow.

The undiscovered region is bounded, on the European side, by the 80th parallel of latitude, except where Scoresby, Parry, Kane, and a few others, have slightly broken into its outer circumference; but on the Asiatic side it extends fully to 75° and 74°, and westward of Behring's Strait our knowledge is bounded by the 72nd degree. Thus, in some directions, it is more than 1500 miles across, and it covers an area of upwards of 2,000,000 square miles. The parallel of 70° skirts the Northern shores of the continents of Europe, Asia, and America; and between 70° and 80° there is an intervening belt separating the known from the unknown, which, in different directions, has been more or less explored by the intrepid seamen and travellers of various nations. Their successes and disasters, their daring exploits and wonderful adventures, form the record whence we must gather such information as is at present within our reach respecting the outer edge of the unknown Polar region. This information will assist us in the necessary speculations, by means of which we must form an estimate of the uses and advantages that will be derived from a North Polar expedition.

Voyages of discovery, and the surveying expeditions which supplement them, are the most useful occupations of our navy in times of peace. Apart from their direct and positive results, such enterprises have

an excellent effect on the naval service. They form a school for the exercise of those high qualities which combine to make the character of a Nelson or a Cochrane. Self-reliance, decision, indomitable determination, and fertility of resource, are produced in those officers who serve in the Arctic regions. The combined audacity and sound judgment displayed by Nelson at the Nile and at Trafalgar may be traced to the education of the Spitzbergen seas and the Polar pack. Another useful result of Arctic expeditions is the interest and sympathy they excite throughout the civilized world. Nothing tends more to strengthen the friendship between nations. If it can be shown that the scientific results to be obtained from a Polar expedition are important in themselves, and that no undue risk will be incurred by the explorers, there are assuredly the strongest reasons for undertaking such an expedition on grounds of public policy. We propose, therefore, in the first place, to examine the results of former Arctic expeditions, and the reasons which have been adduced for exploring the unknown Polar region.

In the earlier period of our naval history the voyages of discovery to the Arctic regions were undertaken with the view of opening shorter routes to the Indies, and of seeking fresh sources of commercial wealth. Their main object was not attainable, but the practical results of these voyages, taken collectively, were so important that they may be ranked among the most fruitful and successful enterprises in the commercial history of England.

The Muscovy Company despatched Sir Hugh Willoughby, in 1553, "to search and discover the northern part of the world, and to open a way and passage to our men, for travel to new and unknown kingdoms;" and in the school of this ill-fated but illustrious father of English northern discovery were trained up such worthy disciples as Chancellor, Burrough, Pet, and Jackman. Their voyages opened a communication with Muscovy, and led to a rich and lucrative trade with Archangel. Fifty years later the expeditions of Hudson, Fotherby, and Poole into the Spitzbergen seas were the direct causes of the establishment of an important whale-fishery, which at one time gave employment to 255 sail, and added materially to the wealth of the country. The discoveries of Davis and Baffin led to a similar result. The voyages of Hudson, James, and Fox were the beginning of those efforts which ended in the formation of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The first voyage of Ross round Baffin's Bay, in 1818, opened up another prolific whale-fishery. Arctic discovery in Greenland has enabled the Danes to derive a large revenue from the graphite, cryolite, skins, and ivory of their northern possessions. In Arctic Siberia the Russians have long derived great wealth from their trade in fossil ivory. These are not the objects for the attainment of which any future expedition would be fitted out, because thinking men of the present age believe that there is solid advantage in the increase of knowledge as well as in the accumulation of wealth. Yet the commercial profit derived in former times from Arctic expeditions led Milton to say that these enterprises "might have seemed almost heroic if any higher end than excessive love of gain and traffic had animated the design."

North Polar exploration is now advocated by the leading scientific men of England, headed by Sir Roderick Murchison and the Geographical Society, on the ground that the results of such an enterprise will add largely to the sum of human knowledge, and enrich the stock of registered facts in almost every department of science. It is difficult to conceive a more thoroughly practical reason for undertaking an expedition. Our space will not permit us to enter fully upon a discussion of the numerous important results of Polar exploration; but a statement of some of them will be sufficient to show that they supply an excellent reason for a renewal of our noble voyages of discovery.

In the first place, Polar discovery will solve many important questions in physical geography. The northern part of Greenland is still utterly unknown, and the extreme points to which our knowledge extends are separated from each other by sixty degrees of longitude. Hundreds of miles of coast-line, therefore, remain to be discovered in this direction, besides the land running north and south on the west side of Smith Sound, which is the most northern known land in the world, and which Dr. Hayes saw stretching away in the direction of the Pole, from his farthest point in  $81^{\circ} 35' N$ . Then again, the extensive land to the northward of Siberia awaits discovery. One end of it was seen by Captain Kellett, and the existence of a large expanse of land in that direction will alone account for several phenomena on the Siberian and American coasts. The interesting and practically important questions connected with ocean currents will also be solved by discoveries in the unknown region; and

pendulum or trigonometrical observations to ascertain the exact shape of the earth become more important as the Pole is approached. For the latter object alone it would be desirable to send out an expedition to the North.

But one of the most urgent reasons for exploring the unknown region is the necessity of sooner or later completing the series of observations on the variation, dip, and intensity of the magnetic needle. When the observations which have already been made by the different Arctic expeditions have been co-ordinated and placed before the public, we are told by General Sabine that the gain to terrestrial magnetism will be found to be very considerable. But much remains to be done, for there is a vast area within which no observations have been taken. We have the highest authority for saying that observations within the Arctic and Antarctic circles have a more than ordinary value in furthering our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism, and that the observations which would contribute in the highest degree to this end would be such as might be made by a magnetic survey, on a great circle connecting New Siberia with the discoveries of Dr. Kane up Smith Sound. The duty of the present generation, in connection with terrestrial magnetism, has been to accumulate accurate observations, in order that others may hereafter compare them, and complete and perfect a very abstruse but important theory. Let it be our care, then, that our work is not done inefficiently and negligently.

The unknown Polar region also offers a wide field for geological research. Ice, in the form of glaciers and sea-borne floes, is one of the most powerful agents in effecting those mighty changes which geologists have observed on all parts of the earth's crust. Hitherto no professed geologist has accompanied an Arctic expedition, and much important work may be done by a trained observer, whether he watches the phenomena connected with the mighty glacial system of Greenland, or with the tremendous ice-fields of the Polar ocean. An examination of the land within the unknown space will also throw light upon that remarkable feature of Arctic geology connected with the vast deposits of timber which are already known to exist from Cape Taimyr, in Siberia, to the Parry Islands. The existence of these deposits proves that, in a geological period which is comparatively recent, the now treeless and frozen wastes of the Arctic regions were clothed with verdure. The "wooden hills" of Kotelnoi

Island consist of enormous deposits, thirty fathoms high, composed of horizontal layers of sandstone with bituminous tree-stems. Similar tree-stems, on a smaller scale, were met with on Banks's and Prince Patrick's Islands, and in Northern Greenland the coal-beds prove that eternal glaciers now occupy the sites of primeval forests of the miocene tertiary age. It will be most important, in a geological point of view, to ascertain how far the mild climate extended in the direction of the Pole. We know that such a climate once enabled waving forests of oak and cypress to grow on the now frozen *tundra* of Arctic Siberia, and in the ravines of Northern Greenland, now choked up with glaciers. These and other interesting additions to geological knowledge may be expected from an examination of the coasts within the unknown area.

With regard to the specific results in natural history which may be expected from North Polar exploration, we cannot do better than quote a passage on the subject from an able Minute recently agreed to by the Council of the Linnean Society:—

"It is now known that the Arctic Ocean teems with life, and that of the more minute organized beings the multitude of kinds is prodigious. These play a most important part, not only in the economy of organic nature, but in the formation of sedimentary deposits, which in future geological periods will become incorporated with those rock-formations whose structure has only lately been explained by the joint labours of zoologists and geologists. The kinds of these animals, the relations they bear to one another and to the larger animals (such as whales, seals, &c., towards whose food they so largely contribute), the conditions under which they live, the depths they inhabit, their changes of form, &c., at different seasons of the year and at different stages of their lives; and, lastly, their distribution according to geographical areas, warm and cold currents, &c., are all subjects on which very little is known. In connection with this subject, and, indeed, inseparable from it, is a similar inquiry into the conditions of life of the microscopic vegetables with which the Polar seas equally swarm, and which both form the food of the microscopic animals and contribute to the sedimentary deposits above mentioned the siliceous coating of their cells. These siliceous coats are indestructible, and being of irregular geometric forms, and the different kinds having differently and exquisitely-sculptured surfaces, may be recognised wherever found, and at all future epochs of our globe; and a knowledge of the species inhabiting the Arctic Ocean would throw great light on investigations into the age of the rocks of our own island, and on the later changes of the climate of the Northern hemisphere. With res-

gard to the larger animals, the fish, shells, corals, sponges, &c., of the Arctic zone, those of Greenland alone have been well explored. A knowledge of their habits and habitats is most desiderated, as are good specimens for our museums. More important still would be anatomical and physiological experiments and observations on these animals, under their natural conditions.

"In botany very much remains to be done; not, perhaps, in the discovery of new kinds, but in tracing the distribution of those already known, in connection with existing currents, and with the effects of the cold and warm epochs of the world's late history. It is well made out that the Arctic flora comprises three floras, namely, the Scandinavian, American, and Asiatic; but it has only recently been shown that these floras do not bear that relation to the geographical areas they respectively inhabit which the existing relations of land and sea would lead us to suppose; thus the West Greenland flora is European, and not American; the Spitzbergen flora contains American plants found neither in Greenland nor in Scandinavia; and other anomalies have been traced, which indicate great recent changes in the physical geography of the Polar land. To correlate and examine these anomalies requires a natural history survey of the Polar area, and can only be accomplished by the joint labours of energetic officers who could devote a considerable time to the subject."

Not the least valuable discoveries of a Polar expedition will be those that may confidently be expected to be made in the science of ethnology, and respecting the distance to which the migrations of tribes of human beings have been extended in the direction of the Pole. It is a very remarkable fact that human remains have been met with in every part of the Arctic regions. No corner of them to which explorers have reached, however dreary and inhospitable it may be, is without these vestiges. Thus ruined huts and fox-traps were found along the whole extent of the Parry Islands, which are all now uninhabited. Scoresby saw recent vestiges of inhabitants at every point of the wild coast of East Greenland, on which he landed. Clavering actually met with two families at the furthest northern point that has been reached on the east side. Kane found the runner of a sledge on the beach, beyond the Humboldt glacier. Men have penetrated, in remote times, to every part of those distant Arctic regions which have since been reached with so much labor and difficulty by modern explorers; and there is every reason to believe that isolated tribes — certainly their remains — will be found within the still unknown Polar region. Such tribes will have been absolutely iso-

lated for centuries from every other branch of the human family. As they are unacquainted with the use of metals, their implements must be exclusively of bone, driftwood, and stone; and here alone can the condition of man be realized and studied, under circumstances analogous to those which surrounded those early races which have lately been discussed among us. The denizens of the Pole, like the men who used the flint implements of Abbeville, are living in a glacial country, and in a "stone age." Researches into the habits and mode of life of these Hyperboreans will, therefore, be of great importance to the sciences of geology and ethnology.

We have now briefly alluded to some of the scientific results of North Polar exploration. There are many others to be attained, especially in meteorology and in hydrography; but we have said enough to prove that they are sufficiently numerous and important to afford ample justification for the despatch of a scientific Polar expedition.

In conducting such an expedition, the object in view will not be to reach the North Pole, which is merely a mathematical point, but to explore, as thoroughly as possible, the unknown area, and to commence in that direction which promises to lead to the most important results. Unlike the Southern Pole, the Northern Polar region is surrounded, at a distance of about 1200 miles from its centre, by the three great continents of our planet, while the enormous glacier-bearing mass of Greenland stretches away towards the Pole for an unknown distance. There are three approaches by sea to this land-girt end of the earth — through the wide ocean between Norway and Greenland, through Davis Strait, and through Behring's Strait. One wide portal and two narrow gates.

In the discussions which have followed the reading of Captain Sherard Osborn's admirable and well-digested proposal for North Polar exploration, two different routes have been advocated, namely, that by the Spitzbergen seas and that by Smith Sound. The true question that has been thus raised, is whether Arctic exploration should be chiefly conducted by means of ships, or by sledge-travelling? This is a question of the first importance; and we, therefore, propose to discuss it fully, bearing in mind that the object to be attained is the thorough and complete examination of the largest possible area of unknown region, in the direction which leads to the most important scientific results.



It is through the wide ocean portal that men first sought to reach the mysterious region of the Pole; but the invariable failure of numerous attempts to penetrate the Polar pack in this direction, during the last two centuries, has led the highest authorities from Parry and Franklin to Osborn and M'Clintock, to turn to sledge-travelling rather than to uncertain ice navigation, as the true method of Polar exploration. The region of the Pole, on the meridians between Greenland and Nova Zembla, is covered during the winter with gigantic fields of ice. On the approach of spring there is a break up, and the centrifugal force of the earth causes the ice to drift, in closely-packed masses, to the south-west, until it meets the warmer currents flowing from the Equator. All the land which intercepts this great ice-bearing stream such as the east coasts of Spitzbergen and Greenland, is of course lined with huge floes and ice masses, rendering navigation impossible. For the same reason there is usually a navigable channel on the western shores, which, in the case of Spitzbergen, is further cleared by the agency of the Gulf Stream. In summer and autumn the mighty ice-fields continue to drift to the south-west until they are melted by the equatorial currents. The ice packs in vast masses along the east side of Greenland, leaves a channel under the lee of Spitzbergen, so that vessels can generally reach  $80^{\circ}$  N. on that meridian in the summer; and again forms an impenetrable barrier between the east side of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. No vessel has yet penetrated beyond the edge of this Polar pack, which extends to the Pole itself; and there are strong reasons for the belief that, in this direction, no land of any extent intervenes. The Polar pack consists of ice of most formidable character. The fields are often 30 miles broad by 100 long; and Scoresby says that they are not unfrequently met with in single sheets of solid transparent ice nearly forty feet in thickness. When they come in contact with each other, a noise is heard like resounding peals of thunder; the pressure is fearful, and ridges of broken-up ice rise high into the air. Many whalers have been destroyed by the pressure between two ice-fields; and when large fleets frequented the Spitzbergen Seas, twenty-three have been lost in a single season. It was well, perhaps, for the numerous bold discoverers who have examined the edge of the Polar pack, that they never succeeded in penetrating far into its dangerous and treacherous openings.

Yet to sail across the North Pole was

long a favourite project with English explorers. In 1527 Master Robert Thorne of Bristol urged it upon the notice of Henry VIII.; and he declared that "if he had facultie to his will, the first thing he would understande was if our seas northwarde be navigable to the Pole or no." But the first explorer who actually sailed along the edge of the Polar barrier was that gallant Dutch seaman, William Barentz. On June 19, 1596, he discovered the western side of Spitzbergen, and went north along it until he was stopped by the ice. Drs. Beke and Petermann have stated that Barentz circumnavigated the Spitzbergen group; but there is nothing in the journal of his mate, Gerrit de Veer, to show that he did more than examine the western and part of the northern coast; and the map of Hondius, published at Amsterdam, in 1611, shows the track of Barentz along the western coast only. No vessel has ever sailed up the ice-encumbered eastern side, so as to round the north-east point. In his first and third voyages, Barentz discovered the west and north coasts of Nova Zembla, and persevered in forcing his way through the ice with a brave resolve, which must fill every reader with admiration. Some of our most valuable information respecting the Polar ice near Nova Zembla is derived from the labours of Barentz; and it is certainly fortunate that perfect reliance can be placed in the observations of this able leader of the first true Polar voyage.

But the most important voyages that have ever yet been undertaken in the direction of the unknown Polar region are perhaps those of Henry Hudson; for that resolute seaman examined the whole extent of the ocean which leads to it, searching for an entrance along the pack edge from Greenland to Nova Zembla. Never was a more audacious attempt made. With a crew of twelve men and a boy, a craft about the size of one of the smallest of modern collier-brigs, and in build more like an old-fashioned Surat vessel than anything else that now sails the seas, we find him coolly talking of sailing across the Pole to Japan, and actually making as careful and judicious a trial of the possibility of doing so as has ever been effected by the best equipped modern expeditions. He examined the edge of the ice between Greenland and Spitzbergen twice, in June and in the end of July, constantly attempting to make a passage to the northward; and he reached a latitude by observation of  $80^{\circ} 23'$  N. This was in 1607. In the following year he made an attempt to force his way through the ice

between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. Hoping to bore through the pack, he stood into it for several leagues, but found the ice ahead to be firm and thick, and he was obliged to give up the attempt. He then sailed along the pack edge to the eastwards, always keeping the ice in sight, and watching for an opening, until he reached the coast of Nova Zembla. He had thus ascertained that the barrier of ice between Greenland and Nova Zembla was impenetrable. It was quite clear that for "Search-thrifts," "Hopewells," and such like craft, the portals of the unknown region were firmly closed. Stout Henry Hudson had failed, and his additional laurels were to be won elsewhere; but he had done all that the boldest mariner could do, with nothing but a little "Hopewell" under his feet, and no explorer had done as much in the same direction since that 25th of June, 1608, when he sighted Nova Zembla, and turned his vessel's head to the south.

The voyages of Hudson led the way to a great and flourishing whaling trade, in which many nations competed for pre-eminence, and it opened one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Dutch and English commercial enterprise. Henceforth, for more than two centuries, that part of the frontier of the unknown region which extends from Greenland to Nova Zembla was frequented by fleets of Dutch and English whalers. Captain Jansen has made a careful investigation of the old Dutch records, and he finds that no vessel ever went north of  $83^{\circ}$  on the Spitzbergen meridian. The usual course of the whalers, after the whales had been driven from the bays and harbours which they originally frequented, was to sail up the open lane of water on the west coast of Spitzbergen till they reached  $79^{\circ}$  or  $79^{\circ} 30'$  N., and thence to steer west into the ice-bearing Polar current. On reaching the ice-fields, they made fast and drifted south with them in search of whales, going over two degrees of latitude in eighteen days. If they had a full cargo they then went home, but if not, they returned to the 79th parallel, and made the same circuit again. They thus discovered that there was a continuity of the ice-fields; that, from the quantity which drifted down in the summer, they must have extended at least as far as the Pole; and that no land of any extent can intervene to check or divert their course. During the flourishing period of the Dutch fishery some of the whalers often went in the direction of Nova Zembla, so that the ice in that quarter was also thoroughly examined. No opening was ever found in the Polar

pack between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, excepting close in shore, and the edge of the barrier of ice was generally met with in latitude  $75^{\circ}$ . A carefully-drawn Dutch chart is extant, dated 1676, on which the pack edge is delineated in this position, with all the bays and indentations, extending from a little south of Disco, on Spitzbergen, to Nova Zembla. In the same year Captain Wood, who has been most unjustly treated by modern compilers, sailed from England, to discover a passage between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. He came to the edge of the ice in  $75^{\circ} 59'$  N., and "steered close along it, sailing into every opening, but could find no passage through, neither could he see over the ice from the topmast-head. The ice was 78 feet under the water." Grenville Collins, the hydrographer, who was in this expedition, said, in a letter to the learned Witsen, "The proceedings of the voyage gave me full satisfaction that there was no passage between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla."

All the speculations of early navigators on the possibility of reaching the Pole were founded on the erroneous idea that ice was only formed in the neighborhood of land, and never in the open sea. It was Scoresby who first showed that ice was formed in the Spitzbergen seas during nine months of the year, and that neither calm weather nor the proximity of land was essential to its formation. The land does not afford any assistance, or even shelter, that cannot be dispensed with during the operation of freezing; and Scoresby often saw ice grow to a consistence capable of stopping the progress of a ship with a brisk wind, even when exposed to the waves of the Atlantic. Dr. Walker, of the "Fox," gives the temperature at which the surface freezes in Baffin's Bay at  $28\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  Fahr.; Dr. Kane found it to be  $29^{\circ}$  in Smith Sound.

The period for exploration in the Polar pack is therefore confined to the three short summer months, during which the ice does not form. It was not a hopeful prospect, yet five Government expeditions have examined the pack edge between Greenland and Nova Zembla within the century; three sent by England, and two by Russia. The Russians took the lead, and in 1764 and 1765 sent Captain Vassili Tchitchagoff to seek a passage through the pack on the Spitzbergen meridian, and he reached  $80^{\circ} 26'$  N., in the first year, and  $80^{\circ} 30'$  N. in the second. In England the idea of Polar discovery was first revived by Mr. Daines Barrington in 1772, who assiduously collected every scrap of information from

Dutch and English whalers, and read a series of papers before the Royal Society. This agitation of the subject resulted in the despatch of Captain Phipps's expedition, which sailed from the *Nore*, in June, 1773. The ships were stopped by the ice, as usual, a little north of Hakluyt Headland; and Captain Phipps stood into every opening he could find, and forced the ships as far as possible through the loose pack by press of sail. The ice at the pack edge was 24 feet thick when they attained their highest latitude in  $80^{\circ} 48' N.$ , and they examined the ice from longitude  $2^{\circ}$  to  $20^{\circ} E.$  From the seven islands a continuous plain of smooth unbroken ice was seen, bounded only by the horizon, which closed round in heavy fields and floe pieces until it rested upon the north-east island of Spitzbergen. The expedition returned to England in September, after having made a very careful and persevering examination of the ice north of Spitzbergen, and having attempted to bore through it at every point that offered the remotest chance of success.

It was generally supposed, however, that Captain Phipps went out in a peculiarly unfavourable season, and in 1817 it was resolved that another attempt should be made. Capt. Buchan was selected as the commander of this new assault upon the hitherto impenetrable ice-barrier, and the gallant Franklin, the late Admiral Beechey, and our veteran Arctic explorer, Sir George Back, served under him. The two old whalers which formed the expedition sailed from the Thames in April, 1818, and were stopped in the very position north of Spitzbergen in which all other expeditions from the time of Hudson had been brought up. On examining the edge of the ice, in July, a channel was found which both vessels entered under full sail; but it soon came to an end, and they were beset in a close pack. Desperate efforts were made to bore through the ice; the men dragged the vessels along whenever the slightest opening occurred, all sail was set, and in this way they at last reached their highest latitude in  $80^{\circ} 34' N.$  But the whole body of ice was drifting south, and after strenuous exertions by warping and dragging, they found they had actually lost twelve miles of northing at the end of a single day. During this time both vessels experienced some very severe nips; the ice was 15 feet thick, and was often piled up above the bulwarks. They penetrated for thirty miles within the pack, and it took them ten days to get back to the open water to the southward, thoroughly convinced that nothing more could be done on the

Spitzbergen meridian. Captain Buchan then determined to examine the pack edge in the direction of Greenland, and he searched for an opening from  $10^{\circ} E.$  to  $10^{\circ} W.$  without success. In 1823 Captain Clavering, in the "*Griper*," sailed due north from Cloven Cliff for twenty-five miles on July 5th, and found the pack edge extending east and west as far as the eye could reach in  $80^{\circ} 20' N.$  He then examined the ice to the westward for sixty miles, as far as  $11^{\circ} W.$ , but found it closely packed, with no opening in any direction.

Meanwhile the Russian Government was prosecuting similar researches between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. Admiral Lutke was employed on this service from 1821 to 1824. He found the ice accumulated to such an extent on the Nova Zembla coast that he was never able to get beyond Cape Nassau. In 1824 he sailed with orders to attain as high a latitude as possible at a distance from the coast. He arrived at the edge of the Polar pack in  $75^{\circ} 30' N.$ , and examined it for a considerable distance towards Spitzbergen, without finding any navigable opening.

Thus, while Hudson, Poole, Fotherby, Tchitschakoff, Phipps, Scoresby, Buchan, Clavering, Parry, and many hundreds of whalers had carefully examined the outer edge of the mighty Polar pack north of Spitzbergen, the voyages of Barentz, Hudson, Tueunis-Ys, Vlamingh, Wood, Lutke, and many Dutch navigators, effected the same object between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. The whole of these seamen were unanimous in their report that the icy barrier was impenetrable for sailing ships. Hudson and Buchan made most gallant attempts to bore their way through the close pack of stupendous floes and fields of ice.

This great mass of evidence sufficiently proved the impracticability of sailing to the North Pole; and Arctic authorities became convinced that the true way of effecting this important and interesting exploration was by means of travelling with sledges over the ice.

In later times, and especially during the period of the Franklin search, a theory was prevalent of the existence of what was called the "Polar Basin." It was maintained that the Gulf Stream gave rise to a great navigable ocean round the North Pole free of ice during the greater part of the year, and that the ice merely formed a narrow belt round its outer edge, which might easily be penetrated. This theory is directly opposed to the carefully registered facts which have been accumulated by Scoresby and numerous

other ice navigators; and it is founded on the appearance of lanes and pools of open water off some of the Arctic coasts. Never was so grand a superstructure of theory based upon so slight a foundation of fact.

When Barentz wintered at the north-eastern extremity of Nova Zembla, his people saw open water in March and April, and once even in February. If there was a south-west wind the ice was always driven away from the coast, leaving a space of open water, and as soon as the wind came from the opposite quarter, the ice returned, and ground noisily on the beach. There must of course have been an open space into which the ice drifted, and now for the first time we hear of those water-holes along the Siberian coast, since met with in the months of March and April by Russian explorers. Hedenstrom and Anjou, in 1809 and 1821, reported that there was open water, with little drift-ice, to the northward of the islands of New Siberia, in March; and Anjou was stopped at short distances from the land by weak ice. Wrangell, in the end of March, 1821, met with thin ice at a distance of 140 miles from the mouth of the Kolyma. The same weak, unsafe ice was met with in April of the following year, and in their last journey over the Polar ice, in March, 1823, Wrangell's party were exposed to great danger by the ice, which was only three feet thick, and cracking in all directions. Wrangell also observed that north winds were always damp.

The observations of Hedenstrom, Anjou, and Wrangell, have led the Russian geographers to the conclusion that part of the Polar Ocean north of Siberia is always open water, and that this *Polynia*, as they call it, extends from twenty miles north of New Siberia islands to about the same distance off the coast of the continent, between Cape Chelagskoi and Cape North. This opinion rests on the instances in which the Russian explorers, in March and April, encountered either very thin ice, indicative of the immediate vicinity of open water, or actual lanes of water, at different points of this line. In summer the current along the shore is from east to west, and in autumn from west to east; and the stupendous ice-hummocks, often 90 feet high, which line the Siberian coast, testify to the great pressure which takes place, and to the vast extent of the Polar ice-fields. The Siberian rivers bring down immense quantities of drift-wood, which is afterwards carried off by the currents, and scattered far and wide over the Arctic shores. On the breaking up of the ice

the rivers contribute to drive the floes away from the coast, and the westerly currents then carry them in heavily-packed masses towards the Atlantic. Millions of tons of ice are thus sent to swell the size of the Polar pack, and are finally melted between Greenland and Nova Zembla. Admiral von Wrangell, using an allowable poetical license, has called the open water off the Siberian coast "the wide immeasurable ocean." Ever since the translation of his work, "the great Polynia of the Russians" has been a phrase on which geographical theorists have founded the wildest speculations. Anjou and Wrangell, during the months of March and April, found the ice to be thin and rotten at a distance of about 100 miles from the coast, and on two occasions an open water-hole, covered with floating pieces of ice, was seen in the offing. The observation of open water near Cape Taimyr, in August, by Middendorf, and of a water-hole in Kennedy Channel by Morton, in the end of June, is nothing remarkable, as the ice is more or less in motion in all parts of the Arctic regions, during those months. Dr. Hayes found Morton's *Polynia* completely frozen over in May, 1861.

There is clear evidence that, owing to strong currents and gales of wind, the ice is in motion off the coast of Siberia very early in the spring, giving rise to *Polynias*, or water-holes. Any extensive land, such as universal tradition among the Siberian tribes declares to exist north of Cape Jakan, would favour the formation of such lanes of water under its lee. But there is nothing in the observations of the Russian explorers to warrant the belief in a "wide immeasurable ocean." The rising vapour, so often mentioned by Anjou, may have been caused by tidal cracks in the ice, and does not necessarily indicate an open sea; and the phenomena of damp winds and rotten ice betoken just what Hedenstrom and Anjou saw — a limited expanse of sea caused by movements in the Polar pack. There is no evidence whatever that the Siberian *Polynias* of the early spring are of greater extent than the action of currents and gales of wind would easily explain.

It is probable that the south-westerly drift during the summer months gives rise to considerable expanses of open water in the Polar pack, which disappear as soon as the ice begins to form in September; and that currents and gales keep the ice in motion near the land, even in the winter months. In this sense there may be a Polar basin, but the theory of an extensive



navigable ocean round the Pole is directly opposed to a series of well-ascertained geographical facts.

The theory of a Polar basin, in its wildest form, has been persistently forced into notice by Dr. Petermann, a German doctor, who publishes a geographical magazine at Gotha. Without practical knowledge of the Arctic regions, or any special right to speak authoritatively on the subject, he is also peculiarly disqualified from giving an opinion, owing to his habit of twisting facts gleaned from books to suit his preconceived theory. We should not, therefore, consider it necessary to examine his argument in favour of the Spitzbergen route, if it had not been indorsed, to some extent, by four naval officers of Arctic experience. Dr. Petermann first made himself notorious at the time of the Franklin search, when he declared that the "Erebus" and "Terror" were beset near the Siberian coast, and that the best way of reaching them was by sailing across the Polar ocean between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, in the middle of winter! This scheme might have proved very mischievous, by diverting the search from the proper direction. Fortunately its absurdity was sufficiently apparent, and it received little or no attention. But Dr. Petermann has now resuscitated his theory in two long letters to Sir Roderick Murchison, in which he advocates the Spitzbergen route for North Polar exploration.

For his preference of this route he assigns eight reasons, which may be disposed of in a few words. He advocates, it 1st. "because the voyage from England to the North Pole is shorter by Spitzbergen;" a matter which may be important to a Company wishing to establish a line of packets between the two points, but which has no bearing on the question of exploration. 2nd. Because "the Spitzbergen seas form the widest opening into the unknown region." This is one of the strongest objections to the route; for the ice-navigation must be conducted in a drifting pack, instead of along land-ice, as in Baffin's Bay. 3rd. "Because the Spitzbergen seas are more free of ice than any other part of the Arctic regions." This statement is directly opposed to the experience of every navigator who has ever reached the edge of the pack on that meridian. They have all, without a single exception, found an impenetrable barrier of ice between Greenland and Nova Zembla. 4th. "The drift-ice north of Spitzbergen offers just as much or as little impediment to navigation

as the ice in Baffin's Bay." When it is remembered that no vessel has ever penetrated through the stupendous ice-fields north of Spitzbergen, while a fleet of whalers has annually got through the middle ice of Baffin's Bay since 1817, an idea may be formed of the value of this assertion. 5th. "The sea north of Spitzbergen will never be entirely frozen over, not even in winter, nor covered with solid ice fit for sledge-travelling." This is true, as we have already shown, and it forms the strongest objection to the Spitzbergen route; for these lakes and pools of water, while making sledge-travelling impossible, will add to the danger of wintering in the pack. 6th. "From Sir Edward Parry's furthest point a navigable sea was extending far away to the north; and old Dutch and English skippers vowed they had sailed to 88°, and beyond the Pole itself. At Sir Edward Parry's position, in 82° 45', there was a perfectly navigable sea." This is a specimen of the assertions which serve to prop up Dr. Petermann's theory. The statement is not only incorrect, but the very reverse of the real fact. Parry, at his extreme point, found the ice thicker, and the floes more extensive than any he had previously met with; and there was a strong yellow ice-blink always overspreading the northern horizon, which showed that the Polar pack was still stretching away to the northward; for the yellow tinge denotes field-ice.\* The "vows" of the old Dutch and English skippers were fully disposed of by Scoresby many years ago; and Captain Jansen, after carefully investigating the Dutch records, has come to the conclusion that no vessel has ever been north of 83°. 7th. "The Polar region north of Spitzbergen consists of sea, and not land." This is the very reason that the Spitzbergen route is the worst that could be selected. 8th. "Sir Edward Parry's expedition only took six months." This argument has been indorsed by others, as if a hasty and perfunctory cruise was as satisfactory as a deliberate and careful exploration. The only other point raised by Dr. Petermann which requires notice is contained in his second letter, where he argues that there will be no difficulty in boring through the Polar ice-fields north of 80°, because Sir James Ross got through an extensive pack in the Antarctic regions in latitude 62°, after it had drifted and become loose for many hundreds of miles over a boundless ocean. The fallacy of the comparison was fully

\* Scoresby, i. 300.

exposed by Admiral Collinson, at a recent meeting of the Geographical Society.\* Dr. Petermann asks for any reason, however slight, why it would not be as easy to sail from Spitzbergen to the Pole *and back* as to go up Baffin's Bay to the entrance of Smith Sound. The reason is clear enough, and is well known to all Arctic navigators. North of Spitzbergen there is a pack composed of fields of immense size and thickness; and any vessel taking that route is at the mercy of the drifting ice. In Baffin's Bay there is land-ice, along which a ship can creep while the pack drifts past. The consequence is, that whereas a fleet of whalers passes up Baffin's Bay every year, no vessel has ever penetrated through the Polar pack. Dr. Petermann, of whom we have now had enough and to spare, characteristically completes his theory with a Polar map, on which he converts Kennedy Channel into a bay, by means of land expressly invented for the occasion. This method of propping up a theory recoils upon its author; and the Petermann land will probably share the fate of Ross's Croker mountains and Wilkes's southern continent.

But the Spitzbergen route was recommended by General Sabine long before Dr. Petermann was ever heard of; and it is advocated by four Arctic officers, Sir Edward Belcher, Admiral Ommanney, Captain Richards and Captain Inglefield. We desire, of course, to treat the opinions of these officers with respect, while we dissent most emphatically from the conclusions at which they have arrived. We have seen that the edge of the Polar pack, along its whole distance from Greenland to Nova Zembla, has been examined over and over again by navigators who sought a passage or lane by which to enter it. The ice of the Spitzbergen seas has been carefully and scientifically reported upon by many able explorers, and especially by Scoresby. We know, from the results of their investigations, that a body of heavy field-ice, cracked and broken in places by the action of currents and gales of wind, extends from latitude 75° to the Pole, during the winter, and that the navigable summer season is very short. Parry, during an exceptionally favourable year for navigation, walked for 192 miles over small floes and weak ice, and at his extreme point, in 82° 45' N., he at last came to the more formidable ice-fields; and the yellow ice-blink on his northern horizon showed that they ex-

tended far to the northward. It is certain that this Polar pack is several hundred miles in extent; that the ice-fields composing it are of immense size and thickness; and that no navigable lane or opening has yet been discovered along its edge. Any attempt, therefore, to penetrate into it would probably end in failure; and the only reason for expecting a more fortunate result is based on the advantages that steamers have over sailing-vessels. These advantages are undoubtedly very great; but they consist chiefly in the rapidity with which steamers can take advantage of a sudden opening in the ice, and in the immense saving of labour to the men. Under the ordinary circumstances of the Polar pack a steamer is not exempted from any of the difficulties of ice-navigation; while the moment the young ice begins to form, the screw will be choked and become useless. Success depends on a fortunate season; and in one year fast screw-steamers have been forty-five days getting through the middle ice of Baffin's Bay, while in another a weak little sailing schooner has sailed up without any detention at all.

In the improbable event of exploring-ships penetrating to any considerable distance through the Polar ice, in the direction of the Pole, there will be imminent danger of their being beset, and obliged to winter in the pack. A more perilous situation cannot be conceived. The ice is frequently in motion during the winter, at a time when the cold renders navigation impossible, and furious gales of wind press the floes together. These surely are not circumstances to which any vessel ought voluntarily to be exposed. Sledge-travelling has been shown to be impossible over such a pack, and retreat would thus be hopelessly cut off. Sir Edward Belcher, who now unaccountably advocates the Spitzbergen route, thus reported upon the Polar ocean to the northward of the Parry Islands, in one of his despatches: "The more I have seen of the action of the ice, the partially open water, and the deceitful leads in the pools, the more satisfied I am that the man who once ventures off the land to seek a passage is in all probability sacrificed."

But after all, the great objection to the Spitzbergen route is that few of the scientific results of North Polar exploration would be attained, even in the event of comparative success. It is not by drifting about in pack-ice at a distance from land, but by carefully examining hundreds of miles of coast-line, that useful work is to be done in the unknown region.

The Spitzbergen route stands condemned

\* "See "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society," vol. ix. p. 118.

by the experience of the highest Arctic authorities, because it is impracticable; because partial success would place an expedition in a position of extreme danger; and because few of the results of Polar exploration are attainable in that direction. We are convinced that it would be far better to delay the despatch of an expedition until the Government is willing to fit out one on an efficient scale, and to send it in the right direction, than to rest satisfied with a steamer being despatched to the Spitzbergen Seas, and to see the subject shelved for the next twenty years, after her return.

Hitherto our attention has been engaged by the fruitless endeavours of many successive voyagers, during two centuries, to penetrate the mighty Polar pack between Greenland and Nova Zembla. It will now be a more pleasant task to examine the voyages up Baffin's Bay, where a less formidable pack has been annually encountered, battled with, and overcome; and where this annual victory over the ice leads to the achievement of a position whence a system of North Polar exploration can be organized by the only thorough and efficient means—namely, modern Arctic travelling. Soon after the return of Buchan's expedition, it occurred to those two most eminent of our Arctic worthies, Sir John Franklin and Sir Edward Parry, that the true way of effecting North Polar exploration was by means of travelling with sledges over the ice. A plan of this kind was originally proposed by Franklin soon after his return in the "Trent," and it was carried into execution by Parry, in 1827. That great discoverer was wrong, as it turned out, in the route he took, and in the time of the year he selected for his journey; but he laid the foundation for the thorough system of Arctic investigation by means of sledges, which has since borne such rich fruit, and which has been brought to perfection by the genius of Sir Leopold McClintock. The idea of Franklin and Parry was to start from the most northern land; and had the discoveries of Kane and Hayes been known to them, they would of course have selected Smith Sound as their starting-point. To Admiral von Wrangell, the explorer of Arctic Siberia, belongs the credit of having first suggested Smith Sound as the best route for North Polar exploration; and the labours of two American expeditions have since demonstrated the correctness of his views. Exploration by sledge travelling is now advocated by the Arctic officers of greatest experience. Among them we may mention Sir George Back and Admiral Bird, the friends and companions of

Franklin, Parry, and Ross; Admiral Colclinson, who passed three winters in the ice; Sir Leopold McClintock, the discoverer of the fate of Franklin, the inventor of Arctic travelling, who has passed six winters and ten summers in the Arctic regions, and whose experience is greater than that of any other living authority; Sherard Osborn, the steady, unswerving advocate of the Franklin search, and the reviver of public interest in Polar enterprise; Vesey Hamilton, the persevering and intrepid explorer of the northern extreme of Melville Island; McDougall, the expert surveyor, who served in two Arctic expeditions. Nor can we thus enumerate the names of Arctic travellers without dwelling for a few moments on the work of one of their brightest ornaments. George Frederick Meham was the *beau ideal* of an Arctic traveller. Never was an officer more beloved by his messmates and by his men. Genial and warm-hearted, he was the life and soul of the winter amusements, and, when the season for work arrived, it was Meham who performed the most wonderful feat of Arctic travelling on record. An accurate and painstaking observer, full of resource, and endowed with indomitable resolution, he was at the same time most careful of the comforts of his men. When the subject of Polar exploration is discussed, the first feeling of those who served in the search for Franklin will be one of deep regret that the great ability, the high resolve, the numerous qualities for command, which were united in the character of the lamented Meham, are lost to us for ever.

There are still many officers of ability and experience who would worthily second McClintock in the glorious enterprise of North Polar exploration by way of Smith Sound; and dense will be the crowd of volunteers when it is known that the well-known name is Gazetted for the command. Two 60-horse power gunboats, well strengthened, and provisioned for three years, with picked crews of *young* officers and men, would secure all the results that have already been enumerated, under the guidance of such leaders as McClintock, Osborn, Hamilton, Richards, or Allen Young, and complete the greatest geographical discovery that remains to be accomplished.

The navigation of Baffin's Bay is impeded by the "middle pack;" and it is necessary to say a few words on the passage of this obstacle, because it has been made the ground of a futile objection to the route by Smith Sound. The drift of vast masses of ice into the Atlantic invariably causes the

existence of a wide open sheet of water in the upper end of Baffin's Bay, and for some distance within Lancaster and Smith Sound, during the summer and early autumn, which is known as the "North Water." But there is a mass of drifting ice between the "North Water" and Davis Strait, averaging from 170 to 200 miles in width, and blocking up the centre of Baffin's Bay, called by the whalers the "Middle Park." The ice here is hardly a fourth part of the thickness of that in the Spitzbergen Seas, the former being from five to eight feet thick, and the latter from twenty to thirty. Old Baffin gallantly led the way to the "North Water" in 1616, and no man ever followed in his wake until two whalers, the "Larkins" of Leith, and "Elizabeth" of Aberdeen, successfully passed the barrier in 1817. From that time the fleet of whalers annually entered the ice, and pushed for the "North Water." The only safe passage through the "Middle Park" is called by the whalers the *North-about passage*, and it may always be successfully performed, if not in June, then in July—if not in July, then in August. On the coast of Greenland, between the parallels of 73° and 76°, there is a wide indentation open to the south, called Melville Bay. The ice formed in it, owing to the configuration of the land, is not exposed to the general drift down Baffin's Bay, and remains firmly fixed to the coast, often extending from it to a distance of thirty to fifty miles. The prevailing winds in the early part of the season are from the north, in which case the drifting pack is blown off shore, and leaves a lane of open water along the land-floe of Melville Bay. When the wind is from the south, the pack drifts into Melville Bay, but in that case the land-floe is a source of protection, for, as the drifting ice presses against it, the land-ice, being oldest, almost invariably proves the strongest of the two. A dock is then cut in the land-ice, and a ship may ride in safety until the pressure eases off. Thus, by sticking to the land-floe of Melville Bay, a vessel is never at the mercy of a drifting pack; and though there may frequently be detention, no ground is ever lost, and final success is the reward of perseverance.

The earliest passage into the "North Water" was accomplished on June 12, 1849, and the average passages of the whalers during twenty-three years have been effected before July 13. There is not a single year from 1817 to 1849 in which no whaler had got through; and in the years 1825, 1828, 1832, 1833, and 1834, the whole fleet reached the "North Water" before the mid-

dle of June. It so happens that unless the whalers get through so as to reach Pond's Bay in July, it is not worth while to persevere, and they give up the attempt. The navigable season, however, continues until the end of August, so that discovery ships may always count upon effecting the passage at some period between May and September. Discovery ships have been sent up Baffin's Bay thirty-eight times since 1818, and only on two occasions have they failed to reach the "North Water" during the navigable season. One of these failures was experienced by the "North Star," in 1849, but she did not arrive at the edge of the ice until the end of July, and if she had been earlier in the field she would have succeeded. This is certain; for in the very same year the "St. Andrew," of Aberdeen, reached the "North Water" on June 12th. The other instance of want of success was in the case of the "Fox," in 1857; but she was still later in the season, not arriving in Melville Bay until the middle of August. Had she been earlier she would have succeeded; and when McClintock, with that indomitable perseverance which has been his characteristic ever since he commenced Arctic exploration, again charged the barrier, on the 18th of June in the following year, he was in the "North Water" by the 27th.

Whalers, it is true, are often destroyed by the ice; but discovery ships, being strongly fortified, are not exposed to the same risk, and not one has ever been destroyed in Baffin's Bay. A good nip merely causes a little pleasurable excitement. The beauty of the scenery, the wonderful effects of refraction round the horizon, the cutting of docks and charging and blasting of ice, all combine to render the Melville Bay detention a most enjoyable and exhilarating time. Here may be seen the stupendous icebergs, which are among the most sublime of nature's works, with their brilliant emerald and sapphire tints. Here the majestic movements of mighty flocs may be watched, and that still grander sight when a nip causes the rapid formation of a long ridge of ice-hummocks, and when huge blocks are reared one upon the other with a loud grinding moan. The passage of Melville Bay may be a time of anxiety; but he must be dead to all sense of the beautiful in nature who does not derive an equal amount of pleasure from scenes of such unsurpassed grandeur and interest. Skill and judgment in watching the ice and selecting leads are required in this navigation; but an early arrival in Melville Bay insures the certainty of reaching the "North



Water" during the navigable season. The average detention for steamers in Melville Bay has been twenty-two days, and it has sometimes taken place under exceptionally unfavorable circumstances; and curiously enough this is exactly the time that it took brave old Baffin to cross Melville Bay in 1616, in a little craft of 55 tons. It will be hard, indeed, if powerful steamers cannot do as well as this 55-ton fly-boat. We may count upon a successful passage of the "Middle Pack" from a consideration of the nature of the ice and the physical causes which influence its movements, from the fact that whalers have almost annually reached the "North Water" since 1817; and from an examination of all former voyages of discovery, in thirty-six of which out of thirty-eight the ice-obstructions in Melville Bay were overcome.

Once in the "North Water," all obstacles to an exploration, more or less extensive, of the unknown region are at an end. From Cape York there is invariably a navigable sea to Smith Sound in the summer months.

It was on the 6th of July, 1616, that Baffin made the chief discovery of his voyage, namely, the entrance of the "greatest and largest sound in all this bay." It is the portal leading north into the vast unknown region, and the only point in the whole circuit of the 80th parallel, where lines of coast stretch away towards the Pole. Baffin gave it a very common name; but the worshipful person from whom Smith Sound derives its name was no common man. Sir Thomas Smith was the first Governor of the East India Company: he fostered the early efforts of that mighty Company which afterwards founded an empire, he superintended the early voyages to India, and patronized those of Hudson and Baffin. In 1818 Ross saw the entrance to Smith Sound from a great distance, and named the two capes on either side after his ships—Isabella and Alexander. Whalers may have sighted and even entered Smith Sound since the voyage of Ross, and in 1852 Captain Inglefield went just inside the Capes, but did not land. From this position, on August 26, 1852, he saw an open sea stretching through seven points of the horizon, apparently unencumbered with ice, though bounded on the east and west by two distinct headlands. Baffin had discovered Smith Sound in 1616; but no civilized man explored it or landed on its shores until the year 1853, when Dr. Kane, in the little schooner "Advance" of 120 tons, undertook to lead an American expedition to the far northern regions. Like Baf-

fin's little "Discovery," the "Advance" only had a crew of seventeen men, and she was but poorly provided for an Arctic winter. In latitude  $78^{\circ} 45' N.$ , Kane found the ice extending in a drifting mass across the channel of Smith Sound in August, and the coast on either side rose in precipitous cliffs to a height of 800 to 1200 feet. At their base there was a belt of ice, about 18 feet thick, resting on the beach—a sort of permanent frozen ridge, to which Kane gave the name of *ice-foot*. The pack was drifting south, and many icebergs were moving up and down with the tide. After a gallant but ineffectual attempt to force his way through the pack to the northward, the new ice began to form, and on September 10th the "Advance" was frozen in, on the west side of Smith Sound, in latitude  $78^{\circ} 37' N.$  Here the little crew passed two years and made some discoveries by means of traveling parties, though the small number of hands and the scurvy, prevented much from being accomplished. In latitude  $79^{\circ} 12' N.$  a great glacier was discovered abutting upon the sea, and presenting a perpendicular face of from 300 to 500 feet. Icebergs are ejected from it in lines, and the vast mass, with a sea-face 45 miles long, was named the Humboldt glacier. Here Dr. Kane's personal investigations ceased. But his steward, a man named Morton, with an Esquimaux and a team of dogs, crossed the front of the glacier and explored a part of the coast to the northward. According to his own account, he went 76 miles further north, and found open water extending in an iceless channel to the opposite shore. At his extreme northern point Morton said he came to a cliff 900 feet high, in the end of June, where a heavy surf, beating against the rocks, checked his progress. He gave the latitude of this cliff at  $81^{\circ} 22' N.$ ; but the true latitude was probably  $80^{\circ} 56' N.$  Crowds of birds were seen thronging the water of this open sea, which was separated from the "North Water" of Baffin's Bay by a belt of ice 125 miles wide. Kane named the channel to the northward of Smith Sound Kennedy Channel.

In July, 1860, Dr. Hayes, who had served under Kane, sailed from New York in a schooner of 133 tons, with a crew of fifteen men, intending to complete his old commander's discoveries. Hayes encountered severe gales of wind at the entrance of Smith Sound, and eventually wintered in a harbour about twelve miles north-east of Cape Alexander. Early in April, 1861, Dr. Hayes started north with his whole available force of twelve men and fourteen

dogs; but he eventually continued the journey with two dog-sledges and three companions. His extreme northern point was  $81^{\circ} 25' N.$  on the western side of Kennedy Channel, and he discovered a wide strait opening westward from the centre of Smith Sound. From his extreme northern point Hayes obtained the same view as Morton had seen from the opposite side, and there was no open water, so that the much-talked of *Polyma* of Morton was merely just such a water-hole as forms in all parts of the Arctic regions in the end of June. Hayes was on the west coast of Kennedy Channel from the 12th to the 23rd of May. His most important deduction was, that beyond Cape Constitution of Morton, the Greenland continent ends, and that the west side of the channel is open to the Polar Ocean north of Spitzbergen. He found the coast lined with heavy ridges of ice, which had been forced up under the influence of great pressure. Many of them were 60 feet high, and they were lying high and dry upon the beach. He concluded that the pressure necessary to occasion this result could only be produced by ice-fields of great extent coming down, under the influence of winds and currents, from a vast open area to the northward and eastward. In this, however, he was mistaken, for a floe of only a few miles in extent weighs millions of tons, and might easily pile up hummocks on a beach to a height of 60 or even 90 feet, under certain circumstances. The crew of Dr. Hayes's schooner enjoyed excellent health during the whole time, and this appears to have been chiefly due to the great abundance of animal food in Smith Sound. Reindeer were very numerous, and 200 were shot; walrus and seals were abundant, and several hundreds of eider-ducks and guillemots were secured. Thus the party was well supplied with fresh food.

The discoveries of Kane and Hayes proved that Greenland is separated from the archipelago to the westward by Smith Sound, and that the western shore of that important opening extends to the northward for an unknown distance; so that this is the only point in the Polar region where the land trends in the direction of the Pole itself, instead of forming a circle of continent and islands round the frontier of the Polar region. Here, then, is the proper starting-point for North Polar exploration, and to these gallant American discoverers is due the honour of having pointed it out. Their labours, performed under circumstances of no ordinary difficulty, are amongst

the most valuable in the whole range of northern discovery.

The two gun-boats comprising a North Polar expedition may calculate upon reaching the entrance of Smith Sound, where one will remain in some convenient harbour as a depôt ship, while the other devotes the navigable season to forcing and boring her way to the most northerly point attainable, whence travelling operations will be commenced in the winter. An objection has been raised to the Smith Sound route on the ground that the travelling parties may be stopped by open water. It has been urged that Dr. Kane's party met with a wide expanse of open sea in Kennedy Channel, and that Sir Edward Belcher was stopped by the same cause in Jones Sound. Now, as the open water in Kennedy Channel was encountered in the end of June, when such phenomena may be expected in all parts of the Arctic regions, and that in Jones Sound in May, it is obvious that an objection depending on such reasons is utterly futile, seeing that the chief work of the travelling parties will be done in the months of February, March, and April. Moreover, the open water seen in Kennedy Channel by Morton, in the end of June, was found by Dr. Hayes to be entirely frozen over in the end of May. No man living has had more experience of stoppages by open water and weak ice than that great Russian explorer Admiral von Wrangell, yet he advocated a system of discovery along the shores of Smith Sound. He knew full well that such an exceptional condition of the Polar Sea as is indicated by open water in the winter and early spring, never offered any obstacle to his examination of the coast, and that he never met with unsafe ice until he had travelled for many miles away from the land. When objectors can give a single instance of such a wide expanse of open water having been encountered in February, March, or April as to stop sledge travelling close along the shore to the northward of  $78^{\circ} N.$ , it will be time to consider the proper means of overcoming an obstacle of this nature; but until this is done the objection they have raised must be held to be imaginary.

Arctic travelling, by which means nearly the whole of the known region within the frigid zones has been explored, is indissolubly bound up with the name of McClintock. Before his time it may be said to have been almost unknown, and consequently the results derived from Arctic voyages were not so numerous and valuable as

they have since become. When, in May and June, 1849, McClintock accomplished a distance of 500 miles, and remained absent from his ship for forty days, it was looked upon as a wonderful feat, and it was certainly altogether unprecedented. Yet, in 1851, he had so improved upon his former experience that he was able to leave the ship a month earlier, to remain away for eighty days, and to accomplish a distance of 900 miles. In 1853 he even surpassed his previous exploit, was absent 105 days, and travelled over 1400 miles. Scarcely anything was done by this means in the early expeditions, while it is now a comparatively easy matter to start with six or eight men, and a sledge laden with six or seven weeks' provisions, and to travel 600 miles across desert wastes, and frozen seas, from which no sustenance can be obtained. McClintock attained these results by careful study of the requirements of the case, by the help of Arctic experience extending over several years, and by the strictest attention to minute details. Great skill and judgment, and an intimate acquaintance with the subject, are essential; and it is of the utmost importance that Polar exploration should be undertaken *now*, and not delayed until the tradition of Arctic travelling is lost. Sir Leopold McClintock himself says — "I wish I were now preparing for a trip to the North Pole, for I regard it as being within the reach of *this* generation, knowledge being power in sledge-travelling." He considers that a single sledge-party could take sixty days' provisions and travel over 600 geographical miles. This single sledge, by means of depôts and five auxiliary sledges, can be pushed forward to a distance of 600 miles from the ship. With an expedition, consisting of 120 officers and men, two such exploring parties could be despatched in each travelling season, and 2400 miles of new and unknown land would thus be discovered and thoroughly explored.

The exploration of fifty miles of coast by a sledge-party is worth more to science than the discovery of 500 miles by a ship. In the one case the coast is accurately laid down, and its fauna, flora, geology, ethnology, and physical geography is fully ascertained. In the latter, a coast is seen and very inaccurately marked by a dotted line on a chart, with numerous headlands called after the Royal Family and the Lords of the Admiralty — a result which may or may not gratify those exalted personages, but which is of no sort of use to science.

The work of Polar explorers, starting from the base of operation in Smith Sound,

will secure the complete success of the expedition. A distance of 600 miles along the western coast, which Dr. Hayes found stretching away due north, will bring one party to the North Pole. An equal distance beyond Cape Constitution, on the eastern coast, will nearly, if not quite, complete the discovery of the northern side of the great glacier-bearing continent of Greenland. Meanwhile, as the auxiliary parties return and become rested, they will be employed on shorter excursions, and in completing surveys and investigations nearer the ship. In the second travelling season, one extended party, by exploring the wide strait discovered by Dr. Hayes, on the western side of Smith Sound, for a distance of 600 miles, would complete the discovery of all the land within the unknown Polar region which lies to the westward of Kennedy Channel. The efforts of another extended party, during the second season, might be turned to any other direction which the discoveries of the first season might have pointed out. All the great scientific results of Polar exploration which have already been enumerated would be thoroughly and efficiently secured by the explorers who led these travelling parties. By the Smith Sound route alone can the scientific results of Polar exploration be certainly and safely attained, and by this route alone can the special knowledge and genius of our living Arctic worthies be made available.

Fortunately an expedition by way of Smith Sound is one of those enterprises which, while they require all the highest qualities of seamen to conduct successfully, and may involve dangers and privations to individuals, are absolutely free from a chance of any such catastrophe as overtook Sir John Franklin's gallant crews, and as would threaten an expedition going by the Spitzbergen route. Although whalers are almost annually crushed to pieces in Baffin's Bay, yet its navigation is less dangerous to life than the passage of the English Channel. If a whaler is converted into shattered fragments by the irresistible ice, the sailors walk quietly out upon the destroyer of their floating home, and have nothing worse before them than a march to the nearest Danish settlement; while a shipwreck in the Channel too frequently involves the loss of all hands. Then, again, in the extremely improbable event of the vessel stationed at the entrance of Smith Sound being unable to get out of the ice, the retreat of the crews in boats and sledges to the settlement of Upernavik, during the summer months, is easy, and devoid of all danger. Smith Sound and

Lancaster Sound are in exactly similar positions as regards the "North Water" of Baffin's Bay. Had Sir John Franklin stationed the "Erebus" in some harbour close to the entrance of Lancaster Sound, and the "Terror" at Cape Riley, his expedition would not have been in any more danger than if he had never left Greenhithe. Now this is precisely the position in which the Polar expedition will be placed in Smith Sound, and the question of danger may be entirely dismissed from our minds. No one feels more strongly than the noble-minded widow of the heroic Franklin how shameful it would be to discourage all future enterprise on the pretext that the "Erebus" and "Terror," under totally different circumstances, were unfortunately lost. The climate of the Arctic regions is quite healthy when men are well clothed, fed, and housed; and, though the officers and men who volunteer for this arduous service will be exposed to individual hardships, privations, and dangers, which will test their high qualities to the utmost, there is no more chance of a disaster to the whole expedition, and far less danger of sickness, than on any other station frequented by the ships of our navy. The expense of a Polar expedition would be insignificant compared with the advantages to be derived from it; and we advocate its despatch because the scientific results to be obtained from

it are numerous and important; because no undue risk will be incurred by the explorers; and because such expeditions are beneficial to the naval service. Captain Osborn speaks the mind of the *élite* of the navy in the following passage of this paper:—

"The navy needs some action to wake it up from the sloth of routine, and save it from the canker of prolonged peace. The navy of England cries not for mere war to gratify its desire for honourable employment or fame. There are other achievements, it knows well, as glorious as a victorious battle; and a wise ruler and a wise people will, I hold, be careful to satisfy a craving which is the life-blood of a profession. Upon these grounds, as well as on those of scientific results, would it be too much to ask for a fraction of the vast sum yearly sunk in naval expenditure, for two small screw vessels and 120 officers and men, out of 50,000 men annually placed at the disposal of the Admiralty?"

We cordially indorse the views of Captain Sherard Osborn, and we trust that the Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, with Sir Roderick Murchison at their head, will continue to agitate the question until it is understood by the public, and favourably entertained by the Government. In steadily advocating measures of this nature they are performing a service of national importance.

#### ROMANCE OF THE SCARLET LEAF.

A song to lay at the feet of my Love —  
Something that when the singing is done,  
And the singer's presence hath passed away,  
May recall the voice of that absent one,  
And the wasted love of a vanish'd day —  
This would I lay at the feet of my Love.

A rose to lay at the feet of my Love —  
To live in her hair for just as long  
As my singing may linger about her heart,

But whose petals shall keep, as shall the song,  
Their sweetness, when colour and voice depart —

This will I lay at the feet of my Love.

A heart to lay at the feet of my Love!  
To leave it there in its simple truth,  
Not for a day — not for a day —  
Strong to endure, when the heat of youth,  
And cold mid-age shall have past away —  
Such heart I lay at the feet of my Love!



## CHAPTER XI.

MISS AMEDROZ IS TOO CANDID BY HALF.

CLARA, when she left her accepted lover in the drawing-room and went up to her own chamber, had two hours for consideration before she would see him again;—and she had two hours of enjoyment. She was very happy. She thoroughly believed in the man who was to be her husband, feeling confident that he possessed those qualities which she thought to be most necessary for her married happiness. She had quizzed him at times, pretending to make it matter of accusation against him that his life was not in truth all that his aunt believed it to be;—but had it been more what Mrs. Winterfield would have wished, it would have been less to Clara's taste. She liked his position in the world; she liked the feeling that he was a man of influence: perhaps she liked to think that to some extent he was a man of fashion. He was not handsome, but he looked always like a gentleman. He was well educated, given to reading, prudent, steady in his habits, a man likely to rise in the world; and she loved him. I fear the reader by this time may have begun to think that her love should never have been given to such a man. To this accusation I will make no plea at present, but I will ask the complainant whether such men are not always loved. Much is said of the rashness of women in giving away their hearts wildly; but the charge when made generally is, I think, an unjust one. I am more often astonished by the prudence of girls than by their recklessness. A woman of thirty will often love well and not wisely; but the girls of twenty seem to me to like propriety of demeanour, decency of outward life, and a competence. It is, of course, good that it should be so; but, if it is so, they should not also claim a general character for generous and passionate indiscretion, asserting as their motto that Love shall still be Lord of All. Clara was more than twenty; but she was not yet so far advanced in age as to have lost her taste for decency of demeanour and propriety of life. A Member of Parliament, with a small house near Eaton Square, with a moderate income, and a liking for committees, who would write a pamphlet once every two years, and read Dante critically during the recess, was, to her, the model for a husband. For such a one she would read his blue books, copy his pamphlets, and learn his translations by heart. She would be safe in the hands of such a man, and would know

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nothing of the miseries which her brother had encountered. Her model may not appear, when thus described, to be a very noble one; but I think it is the model most approved among ladies of her class in England.

She made up her mind on various points during those two hours of solitude. In the first place, she would of course keep her purpose of returning home on the following day. It was not probable that Captain Aylmer would ask her to change it; but let him ask ever so much, it must not be changed. She must at once have the pleasure of telling her father that all his trouble about her would now be over; and then, there was the consideration that her further sojourn in the house, with Captain Aylmer as her lover, would hardly be more proper than it would have been had he not occupied that position. And what was she to say if he pressed her as to the time of their marriage? Her aunt's death would of course be a sufficient reason why it should be delayed for some few months; and, upon the whole, she thought it would be best to postpone it till the next session of Parliament should have nearly expired. But she would be prepared to yield to Captain Aylmer, should he name any time after Easter. It was clearly his intention to keep up the house in Perivale as his country residence. She did not like Perivale or the house, but she would say nothing against such an arrangement. Indeed, with what face could she do so? She was going to bring nothing to the common account,—absolutely nothing but herself! As she thought of this her love grew warmer, and she hardly knew how sufficiently to testify to herself her own gratitude and affection.

She became conscious, as she was preparing herself for dinner, of some special attention to her toilet. She was more than ordinarily careful with her hair, and felt herself to be aware of an anxiety to look her best. She had now been for some time so accustomed to dress herself in black, that in that respect her aunt's death had made no difference to her. Deep mourning had ceased from habit to impress her with any special feeling of funereal solemnity. But something about herself, or in the room, at last struck her with awe, bidding her remember how death had of late been busy among those who had been her dearest and nearest friends; and she sat down, almost frightened at her own heartlessness, in that she was allowing herself to be happy at such a time. Her aunt had been car-

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ried away to her grave only yesterday, and her brother's death had occurred under circumstances of peculiar distress within the year;—and yet she was happy, triumphant,—almost lost in the joy of her own position! She remained for a while in her chair, with her black dress hanging across her lap, as she argued with herself as to her own state of mind. Was it a sign of a hard heart within her, that she could be happy at such a time? Ought the memory of her poor brother to have such an effect upon her as to make any joy of spirits impossible to her? Should she at the present moment be so crushed by her aunt's demise, as to be incapable of congratulating herself upon her own success? Should she have told him, when he asked her that question upon the bridge, that there could be no marrying or giving in marriage between them, no talking on such a subject in days so full of sorrow as these? I do not know that she quite succeeded in recognizing it as a truth that sorrow should be allowed to bar out no joy that it does not bar out of absolute necessity,—by its own weight, without reference to conventional ideas; that sorrow should never, under any circumstances, be nursed into activity, as though it were a thing in itself, divine or praiseworthy. I do not know that she followed out her arguments till she had taught herself that it is the Love that is divine,—the Love which, when outraged by death or other severance, produces that sorrow which man would control if he were strong enough, but which he cannot control by reason of the weakness of his humanity. I doubt whether so much as this made itself plain to her, as she sat there before her toilet table, with her sombre dress hanging from her hands on to the ground. But something of the strength of such reasoning was hers. Knowing herself to be full of joy, she would not struggle to make herself believe that it behooved her to be unhappy. She told herself that she was doing what was good for others as well as for herself;—what would be very good for her father, and what should be good, if it might be within her power to make it so, for him who was to be her husband. The blackness of the cloud of her brother's death would never altogether pass away from her. It had tended, as she knew well, to make her serious, grave, and old, in spite of her own efforts to the contrary. The cloud had been so black with her that it had nearly lost for her the prize which was now her own. But she told herself that that blackness was an injury to her, and

not a benefit, and that it had now become a duty to her,—for his sake, if not for her own,—to dispel its shadows rather than encourage them. She would go down to him full of joy, though not full of mirth, and would confess to him frankly, that in receiving the assurance of his love, she had received everything that had seemed to have any value for her in the world. Hitherto she had been independent;—she had specially been careful to show to him her resolve to be independent of him. Now she would put aside all that, and let him know that she recognized in him her lord and master as well as husband. To her father had been left no strength on which she could lean, and she had been forced therefore to trust to her own strength. Now she would be dependent on him who was to be her husband. As heretofore she had rejected his offers of assistance almost with disdain, so now would she accept them without scruple, looking to him to be her guide in all things, putting from her that carping spirit in which she had been wont to judge of his actions, and believing in him,—as a wife should believe in her husband.

Such were the resolutions which Clara made in the first hour of solitude which came to her after her engagement; and they would have been wise resolutions but for this flaw,—that the stronger was submitting itself to the weaker, the greater to the less, the more honest to the less honest, that which was nearly true to that which was in great part false. The theory of man and wife,—that special theory in accordance with which the wife is to bend herself in loving submission before her husband, is very beautiful; and would be good altogether if it could only be arranged that the husband should be the stronger and the greater of the two. The theory is based upon that hypothesis;—and the hypothesis sometimes fails of confirmation. In ordinary marriages the vessel rights itself, and the stronger and the greater takes the lead, whether clothed in petticoats, or in coat, waistcoat, and trousers; but there sometimes comes a terrible shipwreck, when the woman before marriage has filled herself full with ideas of submission, and then finds that her golden-headed god has got an iron body and feet of clay.

Captain Aylmer when he was left alone had also something to think about; and as there were two hours left for such thought before he would again meet Clara, and as he had nothing else with which to occupy himself during those two hours, he again

strolled down to the bridge on which he had made his offer. He strolled down there, thinking that he was thinking, but hardly giving much mind to his thoughts, which he allowed to run away with themselves as they listed. Of course, he was going to be married. That was a thing settled. And he was perfectly satisfied with himself in that he had done nothing in a hurry, and could accuse himself of no folly, even if he had no great cause for triumph. He had been long thinking that he should like to have Clara Amedroz for his wife;—long thinking that he would ask her to marry him; and having for months indulged such thoughts he could not take blame to himself for having made to his aunt that deathbed promise which she had exacted. At the moment in which she asked him the question he was himself anxious to do the thing she desired of him. How then could he have refused her? And, having given the promise, it was a matter of course with him to fulfil it. He was a man who would have never respected himself again,—would have hated himself for ever, had he failed to keep a promise from which no living being could absolve him. He had been right therefore to make the promise, and, having made it, had been right to keep it, and to do the thing at once. And Clara was very good and very wise, and sometimes looked very well, and would never disgrace him; and as she was in worldly matters to receive much and give nothing, she would probably be willing to make herself amenable to any arrangements as to their future mode of life which he might propose. In respect of this matter he was probably thinking of lodgings for himself in London during the parliamentary session, while she remained alone in the big red house upon which his eyes were fixed at the time. There was much of convenience in all this which might perhaps atone to him for the sacrifice which he was undoubtedly making of himself. Had marriage simply been of itself a thing desirable he could doubtless have disposed of himself to better advantage. His prospects, present fortune, and general position were so favourable, that he might have dared to lift his expectations, in regard both to wealth and rank, very high. The Aylmers were a considerable people, and he, though a younger brother, had much more than a younger brother's portion. His seat in Parliament was safe; his position in society was excellent and secure; he was exactly so placed that marriage with a fortune was the only thing wanting to

put the finishing coping-stone to his edifice;—that, and perhaps also the useful glory of having some Lady Mary or Lady Emily at the top of his table. Lady Emily Aylmer? Yes;—it would have sounded better, and there was a certain Lady Emily who might have suited. Now, as some slight regrets stole upon him gently, he failed to remember that this Lady Emily had not a shilling in the world.

Yes; some faint regrets did steal upon him, though he went on telling himself that he had acted rightly. His stars, which were generally very good to him, had not perhaps on this occasion been as good as usual. No doubt he had to a certain degree become encumbered with Clara Amedroz. Had not the direct and immediate leap with which she had come into his arms shown him somewhat too plainly that one word of his mouth tending towards matrimony had been regarded by her as being too valuable to be lost? The fruit that falls easily from the tree, though it is ever the best, is never valued by the gardener. Let him have well-nigh broken his neck in gathering it, unripe and crude, from the small topmost boughs of the branching tree, and the pippin will be esteemed by him as invaluable. On that morning, as Captain Aylmer had walked home from church, he had doubted much what would be Clara's answer to him. Then the pippin was at the end of the dangerous bough. Now it had fallen to his feet, and he did not scruple to tell himself that it was his and always might have been his as a matter of course. Well, the apple had come of a good kind, and though there might be specks upon it, though it might not be fit for any special glory of show or pride of place among the dessert service, still it should be garnered and used, and no doubt would be a very good apple for eating. Having so concluded, Captain Aylmer returned to the house, washed his hands, changed his boots, and went down to the drawing-room just as dinner was ready.

She came up to him almost radiant with joy, and put her hand upon his arm. "Martha did not know but what you were here," she said, "and told them to put dinner on the table."

"I hope I have not kept you waiting."

"Oh dear, no. And what if you did? Ladies never care about things getting cold. It is gentlemen only who have feelings in such matters as that."

"I don't know that there is much difference; but, however"—Then they were in the dining-room, and as the servant remained there during dinner, there was

nothing in their conversation worth repeating. After dinner they still remained down stairs, seating themselves on the two sides of the fire, Clara having fully resolved that she would not on such an evening as this leave Captain Aylmer to drink his glass of port wine by himself.

"I suppose I may stay with you; mayn't I?" she said.

"Oh dear, yes; I'm sure I'm very much obliged. I'm not at all wedded to solitude." Then there was a slight pause.

"That's lucky," she said, "as you have made up your mind to be wedded in another sort of way." Her voice as she spoke was very low, but there was a gentle ring of restrained joyousness in it which ought to have gone at once to his heart, and made him supremely blessed for the time.

"Well,—yes," he answered. "We are in for it now, both of us;—are we not? I hope you have no misgivings about it, Clara."

"Who; I? I have misgivings! No, indeed. I have no misgivings, Frederic; no doubts, no scruples, no alloy in my happiness. With me it is all as I would have it be. Ah; you haven't understood why it has been that I have seemed to be harsh to you when we have met."

"No, I have not," said he. This was true; but it is true also that it would have been as well that he should be kept in his ignorance. She was minded, however, to tell him everything, and therefore she went on.

"I don't know how to tell you; and yet, circumstanced as we are now, it seems that I ought to tell you everything."

"Yes, certainly; I think that," said Aylmer. He was one of those men who consider themselves entitled to see, hear, and know every little detail of a woman's conduct, as a consequence of the circumstances of his engagement, and who consider themselves shorn of their privilege if anything be kept back. If any gentleman had said a soft word to Clara eight years ago, that soft word ought to be repeated to him now. I am afraid that these particular gentlemen sometimes hear some fib; and I often wonder that their own early passages in the tourneys of love do not warn them that it must be so. When James has sat deliciously through all the moonlit night with his arm round Mary's waist, and afterwards sees Mary led to the altar by John, does it not occur to him that some John may have also sat with his arm round Anna's waist,—that Anna whom he is leading to the altar? These things should not be inquired into too curiously; but the curiosity of some men on

such matters has no end. For the most part, women like telling,—only they do not choose to be pressed beyond their own modes of utterance. "I should like to know that I have your full confidence," said he.

"You have got my full confidence," she replied.

"I mean that you should tell me anything that there is to be told."

"It was only this, that I had learned to love you before I thought that my love would be returned."

"Oh;—was that it?" said Captain Aylmer, in a tone which seemed to imply something like disappointment.

"Yes, Fred; that was it. And how could I, under such circumstances, trust myself to be gentle with you, or to look to you for assistance? How could I guess then all that I know now?"

"Of course you couldn't."

"And therefore I was driven to be harsh. My aunt used to speak to me about it."

"I don't wonder at that, for she was very anxious that we should be married."

Clara for a moment felt herself to be uncomfortable as she heard these words, half perceiving that they implied some instigation on the part of Mrs. Winterfield. Could it be that Captain Aylmer's offer had been made in obedience to a promise? "Did you know of her anxiety?" she asked.

"Well;—yes; that is to say, I guessed it. It was natural enough that the same idea should come to her and to me too. Of course, seeing us so much thrown together, she could not but think of our being married as a chance upon the cards."

"She used to tell me that I was harsh to you;—abrupt, she called it. But what could I do? I'll tell you, Fred, how I first found out that I really cared for you. What I tell you now is of course a secret; and I should speak of it to no one under any circumstances but those which unite us two together. My cousin Will, when he was at Belton, made me an offer."

"He did, did he? You did not tell me that when you were saying all those fine things in his praise in the railway carriage."

"Of course I did not. Why should I? I wasn't bound to tell you my secrets then, sir."

"But he did absolutely offer to you?"

"Is there anything so wonderful in that? But, wonderful or not, he did."

"And you refused him?"

"I refused him certainly."

"It wouldn't have been a bad match, if all that you say about his property is true."



"If you come to that, it would have been a very good match; and perhaps you think I was silly to decline it?"

"I don't say that."

"Papa thought so;—but, then, I couldn't tell papa the whole truth, as I can tell it to you now, Captain Aylmer. I couldn't tell dear papa that my heart was not my own to give to my cousin Will; nor could I give Will any such reason. Poor Will! I could only say to him bluntly that I wouldn't have him."

"And you would, if it hadn't been,—hadn't been—for me."

"Nay, Fred; there you tax me too far. What might have come of my heart if you hadn't fallen in my way, who can say? I love Will Belton dearly, and hope that you may do so"—

"I must see him first."

"Of course;—but, as I was saying, I doubt whether, under any circumstances, he would have been the man I should have chosen for a husband. But as it was,—it was impossible. Now you know it all, and I think that I have been very frank with you."

"Oh! very frank." He would not take her little jokes, nor understand her little prettinesses. That he was a man not prone to joking she knew well, but still it went against the grain with her to find that he was so very hard in his replies to her attempts.

It was not easy for Clara to carry on the conversation after this, so she proposed that they should go up stairs into the drawing-room. Such a change even as that would throw them into a different way of talking, and prevent the necessity of any further immediate allusion to Will Belton. For Clara was aware, though she hardly knew why, that her frankness to her future husband had hardly been successful, and she regretted that she had on this occasion mentioned her cousin's name. They went up stairs and again sat themselves in chairs over the fire; but for a while conversation did not seem to come to them freely. Clara felt that it was now Captain Aylmer's turn to begin, and Captain Aylmer felt—that he wished he could read the newspaper. He had nothing in particular that he desired to say to his lady-love. That morning, as he was shaving himself, he had something to say that was very particular,—as to which he was at that moment so nervous, that he had cut himself slightly through the trembling of his hand. But that had now been said, and he was nervous no longer. That

had now been said, and the thing settled so easily, that he wondered at his own nervousness. He did not know that there was anything that required much further immediate speech. Clara had thought somewhat of the time which might be proposed for their marriage, making some little resolves, with which the reader is already acquainted; but no ideas of this kind presented themselves to Captain Aylmer. He had asked his cousin to be his wife, thereby making good his promise to his aunt. There could be no further necessity for pressing haste. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

It is not to be supposed that the thriving lover actually spoke to himself in such language as that,—or that he confessed to himself that Clara Amedroz was an evil to him rather than a blessing. But his feelings were already so far tending in that direction, that he was by no means disposed to make any further promise, or to engage himself in closer connection with matrimony by the mention of any special day. Clara, finding that her companion would not talk without encouragement from her, had to begin again, and asked all those natural questions about his family, his brother, his sister, his home habits, and the old house in Yorkshire, the answers to which must be so full of interest to her. But even on these subjects he was dry, and indisposed to answer with the full copiousness of free communication which she desired. And at last there came a question and an answer,—a word or two on one side, and then a word or two on the other, from which Clara got a wound which was very sore to her.

"I have always pictured to myself," she said, "your mother as a woman who has been very handsome."

"She is still a handsome woman, though she is over sixty."

"Tall, I suppose?"

"Yes, tall, and with something of—of—what shall I say—dignity, about her."

"She is not grand, I hope."

"I don't know what you call grand."

"Not grand in a bad sense;—I'm sure she is not that. But there are some ladies who seem to stand so high above the level of ordinary females as to make us who are ordinary quite afraid of them."

"My mother is certainly not ordinary," said Captain Aylmer.

"And I am," said Clara, laughing. "I wonder what she'll say to me,—or, rather, what she will think of me." Then there was a moment's silence, after which Clara, still laughing, went on. "I see, Fred, that

you have not a word of encouragement to give me about your mother."

"She is rather particular," said Captain Aylmer.

Then Clara drew herself up, and ceased to laugh. She had called herself ordinary with that half-insincere depreciation of self which is common to all of us when we speak of our own attributes, but which we by no means intend that they who hear us shall accept as strictly true, or shall re-echo as their own approved opinions. But in this instance Captain Aylmer, though he had not quite done that, had done almost as bad.

"Then I suppose I had better keep out of her way," said Clara, by no means laughing as she spoke.

"Of course, when we are married you must go and see her."

"You do not, at any rate, promise me a very agreeable visit, Fred. But I daresay I shall survive it. After all, it is you that I am to marry, and not your mother; and as long as you are not majestic to me, I need not care for her majesty."

"I don't know what you mean by majesty."

"You must confess that you speak of her as of something very terrible."

"I say that she is particular; — and so she is. And as my respect for her opinion is equal to my affection for her person, I hope that you will make a great effort to gain her esteem."

"I never make any efforts of that kind. If esteem doesn't come without efforts it isn't worth having."

"There I disagree with you altogether; — but I especially disagree with you as you are speaking about my mother, and about a lady who is to become your own mother-in-law. I trust that you will make such efforts, and that you will make them successfully. Lady Aylmer is not a woman who will give you her heart at once, simply because you have become her son's wife. She will judge you by your own qualities, and will not scruple to condemn you, should she see cause."

Then there was a longer silence, and Clara's heart was almost in rebellion even on this, the first day of her engagement. But she quelled her high spirit, and said no further word about Lady Aylmer. Nor did she speak again till she had enabled herself to smile as she spoke. "Well, Fred," she said, putting her hand upon his arm, "I'll do my best, and woman can do no more. And now I'll say good night, for I must pack for to-morrow's journey before I go to bed." Then he kissed her, — with a cold, chilling kiss, — and she left him for the night.

## CHAPTER XII.

### MISS AMEDROZ RETURNS HOME.

CLARA was to start by a train leaving Perivale at eight on the following morning, and therefore there was not much time for conversation before she went. During the night she had endeavored so to school herself as to banish from her breast all feelings of anger against her lover, and of regret as regarded herself. Probably, as she told herself, she had made more of what he had said than he had intended that she should do; and then, was it not natural that he should think much of his mother, and feel anxious as to the way in which she might receive his wife? As to that feeling of anger on her own part, she did get quit of it; — but the regret was not to be so easily removed. It was not only what Captain Aylmer had said about his mother that clung to her, doing much to quench her joy; but there had been a coldness in his tone to her throughout the evening which she recognized almost unconsciously, and which made her heart heavy in spite of the joy which she repeatedly told herself ought to be her own. And she also felt, — though she was not clearly aware that she did so, — that his manner towards her had become less affectionate, less like that of a lover, since the honest tale she had told him of her own early love for him. She should have been less honest, and more discreet; less bold, and more like in her words to the ordinary run of women. She had known this as she was packing last night, and she told herself so as she was dressing on this her last morning at Perivale. That frankness of hers had not been successful, and she regretted that she had not imposed on herself some little reticence, — or even a little of that coy pretence of indifference which is so often used by ladies when they are wooed. She had been boldly honest, and had found her honesty to be bad policy. She thought, at least, that she had found its policy to be bad. Whether in truth it may not have been very good, — have been the best policy in the world, — tending to give her the first true intimation which she had ever yet received of the real character of the man who was now so much to her, — that is altogether another question.

But it was clearly her duty to make the best of her present circumstances, and she went down stairs with a smiling face and with pleasant words on her tongue. When she entered the breakfast-room Captain Aylmer was there; but Martha was there also, and her pleasant words were received indifferently in the presence of the servant.

When the old woman was gone, Captain Aymler assumed a grave face, and began a serious little speech which he had prepared. But he broke down in the utterance of it, and was saying things very different from what he had intended, before he had completed it.

"Clara," he began, "what occurred between us yesterday is a source of great satisfaction to me."

"I am glad of that, Frederic," said she, trying to be a little less serious than her lover.

"Of very great satisfaction," he continued; "and I cannot but think that we were justified by the circumstances of our position in forgetting for a time the sad solemnity of the occasion. When I remember that it was but the day before yesterday that I followed my dear old aunt to the grave, I am astonished to think that yesterday I should have made an offer of marriage."

What could be the good of his talking in this strain? Clara, too, had had her own misgivings on the same subject,—little qualms of conscience that had come to her as she remembered her old friend in the silent watches of the night; but such thoughts were for the silent watches, and not for open expression in the broad daylight. But he had paused, and she must say something.

"One's excuse to oneself is this,—that she would have wished it so."

"Exactly. She would have wished it. Indeed she did wish it, and therefore"—He paused in what he was saying, and felt himself to be on difficult ground. Her eye was full upon him, and she waited for a moment or two as though expecting that he would finish his words. But as he did not go on, she finished them for him.

"And therefore you sacrificed your own feelings." Her heart was becoming sore, and she was unable to restrain the utterance of her sarcasm.

"Just so," said he; "or, rather, not exactly that. I don't mean that I am sacrificed; for, of course, as I have just now said, nothing as regards myself can be more satisfactory. But yesterday should have been a solemn day to us; and as it was not"—

"I thought it very solemn."

"What I mean is that I find an excuse in remembering that I was doing what she asked me to do."

"What she asked you to do, Fred?"

"What I had promised, I mean."

"What you had promised? I did not hear that before." These last words were spoken in a very low voice, but they went direct to Captain Aymler's ears.

"But you have heard me declare," he said, "that as regards myself nothing could be more satisfactory."

"Fred," she said, "listen to me for a moment. You and I engaged ourselves to each other yesterday as man and wife."

"Of course we did."

"Listen to me, dear Fred. In doing that there was nothing in my mind unbefitting the sadness of the day. Even in death we must think of life, and if it were well for you and me that we should be together, it would surely have been but a foolish ceremony between us to have abstained from telling each other that it would be so, because my aunt had died last week. But it may be, and I think it is the case, that the feelings arising from her death have made us both too precipitate."

"I don't understand how that can be."

"You have been anxious to keep a promise made to her, without considering sufficiently whether in doing so you would secure your own happiness; and I"—

"I don't know about you, but as regards myself I must be considered to be the best judge."

"And I have been too much in a hurry in believing that which I wished to believe."

"What do you mean by all this, Clara?"

"I mean that our engagement shall be at an end;—not necessarily so for always. But that as an engagement binding us both, it shall for the present cease to exist. You shall be again free"—

"But I don't choose to be free."

"When you think of it you will find it best that it should be so. You have performed your promise honestly, even though at a sacrifice to yourself. Luckily for you,—both for us I should say,—the full truth has come out; and we can consider quietly what will be best for us to do, independently of that promise. We will part, therefore, as dear friends, but not as engaged to each other as man and wife."

"But we are engaged, and I will not hear of its being broken."

"A lady's word, Fred, is always the most potential before marriage;—and you must therefore yield to me in this matter. I am sure your judgment will approve of my decision when you think of it. There shall be no engagement between us. I shall consider myself quite free,—free to do as I please altogether; and you, of course, will be free also."

"If you please, of course it must be so."

"I do please, Fred."

"And yesterday, then, is to go for nothing."

"Not exactly. It cannot go for nothing with me. I told you too many of my secrets for that. But nothing that was done or said yesterday is to be held as binding upon either of us."

"And you made up your mind to that last night?"

"It is at any rate made up to that now. Come,—I shall have to go without my breakfast if I do not eat it at once. Will you have your tea now, or wait and take it comfortably when I am gone?"

Captain Aylmer breakfasted with her, and took her to the station, and saw her off with all possible courtesy and attention, and then he walked back by himself to his own great house in Perivale. Not a word more had been said between him and Clara as to their engagement, and he recognized it as a fact that he was no longer bound to her as her future husband. Indeed, he had no power of not recognizing the fact, so decided had been her language, and so imperious her manner. It had been of no avail that he said that the engagement should stand. She had told him that her voice was to be the more potential, and he had felt that it was so. Well;—might it not be best for him that it should be so? He had kept his promise to his aunt, and had done all that lay in his power to make Clara Amedroz his wife. If she chose to rebel against her own good fortune simply because he spoke to her a few words which seemed to him to be fitting, might it not be well for him to take her at her word?

Such were his first thoughts; but as the day wore on him, something more generous in his nature came to his aid, and something also that was akin to real love. Now that she was no longer his own, he again felt a desire to have her. Now that there would be again something to be done in winning her, he was again stirred by a man's desire to do that something. He ought not to have told her of the promise. He was aware that what he had said on that point had been dropped by him accidentally, and that Clara's resolution after that had not been unnatural. He would, therefore, give her another chance, and resolved before he went to bed that night that he would allow a fortnight to pass away, and would then write to her, renewing his offer with all the strongest declarations of affection which he would be enabled to make.

Clara on her way home was not well satisfied with herself or with her position. She had had great joy, during the few hours of joy which had been hers, in thinking of the comfort which her news would give to her

father. He would be released from all further trouble on her account by the tidings which she would convey to him,—by the tidings she had intended to convey to him. But now the story which she would have to tell would by no means be comfortable. She would have to explain to him that her aunt had left no provision for her, and that would be the beginning and the end of her story. As for those conversations about the fifteen hundred pounds,—of them she would say nothing. When she reflected on what had taken place between herself and Captain Aylmer, she was more resolved than ever that she would not touch any portion of that money,—or of any money that should come from him. Nor would she tell her father anything of the marriage engagement which had been made on one day and unmade on the next. Why should she add to his distress by showing him what good things might have been hers had she only had the wit to keep them? No;—she would tell her father simply of the will, and then comfort him in his affliction as best she might.

As regarded her position with Captain Aylmer, the more she thought of it the more sure she became that everything was over in that quarter. She had, indeed, told him that such need not necessarily be the case,—but this she had done in her desire at the moment to mitigate the apparent authoritative of her own decision, rather than with any idea of leaving the matter open for further consideration. She was sure that Captain Aylmer would be glad of a means of escape, and that he would not again place himself in the jeopardy which the promise exacted from him by his aunt had made so nearly fatal to him. And for herself, though she still loved the man,—so loved him that she lay back in the corner of her carriage weeping behind her veil as she thought of what she had lost,—still she would not take him, though he should again press his suit upon her with all the ardour at his command. No, indeed. No man should ever be made to regard her as a burden imposed upon him by an extorted promise! What;—let a man sacrifice himself to a sense of duty on her behalf! And then she repeated the odious words to herself, till she came to think that it had fallen from his lips and not from her own.

In writing to her father from Perivale, she had merely told him of Mrs. Winterfield's death, and of her own intended return. At the Taunton station she met the well-known old fly and the well-known old driver, and was taken home in the accustomed manner. As she drew nearer to Bel-



ton the sense of her distress became stronger and stronger, till at last she almost feared to meet her father. What could she say to him when he should repeat to her, as he would be sure to do, his lamentation as to her future poverty?

On arriving at the house she learned that he was up stairs in his bedroom. He had been ill, the servant said, and though he was not now in bed, he had not come down stairs. So she ran up to his room, and finding him seated in an old arm-chair by the fire-side, knelt down at his feet, as she took his hand and asked him as to his health.

"What has Mrs. Winterfield done for you in her will?" These were the first words he spoke to her.

"Never mind about wills now, papa. I want you to tell me of yourself."

"Nonsense, Clara. Answer my question."

"Oh, papa, I wish you would not think so much about money for me."

"Not think about it? Why am I not to think about it? What else have I got to think of. Tell me at once, Clara, what she has done. You ought to have written to me directly the will was made known."

There was no help for her, and the terrible word must be spoken. "She has left her property to Captain Aylmer, papa; and I must say that I think she was right."

"You do not mean everything."

"She has provided for her servants."

"And has made no provision for you?"

"No, papa."

"Do you mean to tell me that she has left you nothing, — absolutely nothing?" The old man's manner was altogether altered as he asked this question; and there came over his face so unusual a look of energy, — of the energy of anger, — that Clara was frightened, and knew not how to answer him with that tone of authority which she was accustomed to use when she found it necessary to exercise control over him. "Do you mean to say that there is nothing, — nothing?" And as he repeated the question he pushed her away from his knees and stood up with an effort, leaning against the back of his chair.

"Dear papa, do not let this distress you."

"But is it so? Is there in truth nothing?"

"Nothing, papa. Remember that she was not really my aunt."

"Nonsense, child; — nonsense! How can you talk such trash to me as that? And then you tell me not to distress myself! I am to know that you will be a beggar in a year or two, — probably in a few months, —

and that is not to distress me! She has been a wicked woman!"

"Oh, papa, do not say that."

"A wicked woman. A very wicked woman. It is always so with those who pretend to be more religious than their neighbours. She has been a very wicked woman, alluring you into her house with false hopes."

"No, papa; — no; I must contradict you. She had given me no ground for such hope."

"I say she had, — even though she may not have made a promise. I say she had. Did not everybody think that you were to have her money?"

"I don't know what people may have thought. Nobody has had any right to think about it at all."

"That is nonsense, Clara. You know that I expected it; — that you expected it yourself."

"No; — no, no!"

"Clara, — how can you tell me that?"

"Papa, I knew that she intended to leave me nothing. She told me so when I was there in the spring."

"She told you so?"

"Yes, papa. She told me that Frederic Aylmer was to have all her property. She explained to me everything that she meant to do, and I thought that she was right."

"And why was not I told when you came home?"

"Dear papa!"

"Dear papa, indeed. What is the meaning of dear papa? Why have I been deceived?"

"What good could I do by telling you? You could not change it."

"You have been very undutiful; and as for her, her wickedness and cruelty shock me, — shock me. They do, indeed. That she should have known your position, and had you with her always, — and then have made such a will as that! Quite heartless! She must have been quite heartless."

Clara now began to find that she must in justice to her aunt's memory tell her father something more. And yet it would be very difficult to tell him anything that would not bring greater affliction upon him, and would not also lead her into deeper trouble. Should it come to pass that her aunt's intention with reference to the fifteen hundred pounds was mentioned, she would be subject to an endless persecution as to the duty of accepting that money from Captain Aylmer. But her present feelings would have made her much prefer to beg her bread upon the roads than accept her late lover's generosity. And

then again, how could she explain to her father Mrs. Winterfield's mistake about her own position without seeming to accuse her father of having robbed her? But nevertheless she must say something, as Mr. Amédroz continued to apply that epithet of heartless to Mrs. Winterfield, going on with it in a low droning tone, that was more injurious to Clara's ears than the first full energy of his anger. "Heartless,—quite heartless;—shockingly heartless,—shockingly heartless!"

"The truth is, papa," Clara said at last, "that when my aunt told me about her will, she did not know but what I had some adequate provision from my own family."

"Oh, Clara!"

"That is the truth, papa;—for she explained the whole thing to me. I could not tell her that she was mistaken, and thus ask for her money."

"But she knew everything about that poor wretched boy." And now the father dropped back into his chair, and buried his face in his hands.

When he did this Clara again knelt at his feet. She felt that she had been cruel, and that she had defended her aunt at the cost of her own father. She had, as it were, thrown in his teeth his own imprudence, and twitted him with the injuries which he had done to her. "Papa," she said, "dear papa, do not think about it at all. What is the use? After all, money is not everything. I care nothing for money. If you will only agree to banish the subject altogether, we shall be so comfortable."

"How is it to be banished?"

"At any rate we need not speak of it. Why should we talk on a subject which is simply uncomfortable, and which we cannot mend?"

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" and now he swayed himself backwards and forwards in his chair, bewailing his own condition and hers, and his past imprudence, while the tears ran down his cheeks. She still knelt there at his feet, looking up into his face with loving, beseeching eyes, praying him to be comforted, and declaring that all would still be well if he would only forget the subject, or, at any rate, cease to speak of it. But still he went on wailing, complaining of his lot as a child complains, and refusing all consolation. "Yes; I know," said he, "it has all been my fault. But how could I help it? What was I to do?"

"Papa nobody has said that anything was your fault; nobody has thought so."

"I never spent anything on myself—never, never; and yet,—and yet,—and yet—"

"Look at it with more courage, papa. After all, what harm will it be if I should have to go out and earn my own bread like any other young woman. I am not afraid."

At last he wept himself into an apathetic tranquillity, as though he had at present no further power for any of the energy of grief; and she left him, while she went about the house and learned how things had gone on during her absence. It seemed, from the tidings which the servant gave her, that he had been ill almost since she had been gone. He had, at any rate, chosen to take his meals in his own room, and as far as was remembered, had not once left the house since she had been away. He had on two or three occasions spoken of Mr. Belton, appearing to be anxious for his coming, and asking questions as to the cattle and the work that was still going on about the place; and Clara, when she returned to his room, tried to interest him again about her cousin. But he had in truth been too much distressed by the ill news as to Mrs. Winterfield's will to be able to rally himself, and the evening that was spent up in his room was very comfortable to both of them. Clara had her own sorrows to bear as well as her father's, and could take no pleasant look out into the world of her own circumstances. She had gained her lover merely to lose him,—and had lost him under circumstances that were very painful to her woman's feeling. Though he had been but one night betrothed to her as her husband, he had never loved her. He had asked her to be his wife simply in fulfilment of a deathbed promise! The more she thought of it the more bitter did the idea of it become to her. And she could not also but think of her cousin. Poor Will! He, at any rate, had loved her, though his eagerness in love had been, as she told herself, but short-lived. As she thought of him, it seemed but the other day that he had been with her up on the rock in the park;—but as she thought of Captain Aylmer, to whom she had become engaged only yesterday, and from whom she had separated herself only that morning, she felt that an eternity of time had passed since she had parted from him.

On the following day, a dull, dark, melancholy day, towards the end of November, she went out to saunter about the Park, leaving her father still in his bedroom, and after a while made her way down to the cottage. She found Mrs. Askerton as usual alone in the little drawing-room, sitting near the window with a book in her hand; but Clara knew at once that her friend had not been reading,—that she had been sitting

there looking out upon the clouds, with her mind fixed upon things far away. The general cheerfulness of this woman had often been cause of wonder to Clara, who knew how many of her hours were passed in solitude; but there did occasionally come upon her periods of melancholy in which she was unable to act up to the settled rule of her life, and in which she would confess that the days and weeks and months were too long for her.

"So you are back," said Mrs. Askerton, as soon as the first greeting was over.

"Yes; I am back."

"I supposed you would not stay there long after the funeral."

"No; what good could I do?"

"And Captain Aymer is still there, I suppose?"

"I left him at Perivale."

There was a slight pause, as Mrs. Askerton hesitated before she asked her next question. "May I be told anything about — the will?" she said.

"The weary will! If you knew how I hated the subject you would not ask me. But you must not think I hate it because it has given me nothing."

"Given you nothing?"

"Nothing! But that does not make me hate it. It is the nature of the subject that is so odious. I have now told you all, — everything that there is to be told, though we were to talk for a week. If you are generous you will not say another word about it."

"But I am so sorry."

"There, — that's it. You won't perceive that the expression of such sorrow is a personal injury to me. I don't want you to be sorry."

"How am I to help it?"

"You need not express it. I don't come pitying you for supposed troubles. You have plenty of money; but if you were so poor that you could eat nothing but cold mutton, I shouldn't condole with you as to the state of your larder. I should pretend to think that poultry and piecrust were plentiful with you."

"No you wouldn't, dear; — not if I were as dear to you as you are to me."

"Well, then, be sorry; and let there be an end of it. Remember how much of all this I must of necessity have to go through with poor papa."

"Ah, yes; I can believe that."

"And he is so far from well. Of course you have not seen him since I have been gone."

"No; we never see him unless he comes

up to the gate there." Then there was another pause for a moment. "And what about Captain Aymer?" asked Mrs. Askerton.

"Well; — what about him?"

"He is the heir now?"

"Yes; — he is the heir."

"And that is all?"

"Yes; that is all. What more should there be? The poor old house at Perivale will be shut up, I suppose."

"I don't care about the old house much, as it is not to be your house."

"No; it is not to be my house certainly."

"There were two ways in which it might have become yours."

"Though there were ten ways, none of those ways have come my way," said Clara.

"Of course I know that you are so close that though there were anything to tell you would not tell it."

"I think I would tell you anything that was proper to be told; but now there is nothing proper, — or improper."

"Was it proper or improper when Mr. Belton made an offer to you, — as I knew he would do, of course; as I told you that he would? Was that so improper that it could not be told?"

Clara was aware that the tell-tale colour in her face at once took from her the possibility of even pretending that the allegation was untrue, and that in any answer she might give she must acknowledge the fact. "I do not think," she said, "that it is considered fair to gentlemen to tell such stories as that."

"Then I can only say that the young ladies I have known are generally very unfair."

"But who told you?"

"Who told me? My maid. Of course she got it from yours. Those things are always known."

"Poor Will!"

"Poor Will indeed. He is coming here again, I hear, almost immediately, and it needn't be 'Poor Will' unless you like it. But as for me, I am not going to be an advocate in his favour. I tell you fairly that I did not like what little I saw of poor Will."

"I liked him of all things."

"You should teach him to be a little more courteous in his demeanour to ladies; that is all. I will tell you something else, too, about poor Will — but not now. Some other day I will tell you something of your cousin Will."

Clara did not care to ask any questions as to this something that was to be told, and therefore took her leave and went away.

From the Fortnightly Review.

# BIBLE STUDY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE general diffusion of the Bible among the people is always justly considered to have been one of the principal causes of the Reformation. No other influence contributed so much to determine the form of our theology. For more than a century before England had an independent Church the attention of the world at large was fixed on Scripture as it never had been before. New sects had made the Bible their watchword, and, in spite of prejudice, new translations had found favour. Long before the task was undertaken by Beza and Castellio, Erasmus had brought out his Latin version of the New Testament, while the popularity of English translations, like those of Wycliffe and Tyndale, at last convinced Henry VIII. that an authorized English Bible was absolutely needed to check the circulation of versions not esteemed trustworthy. By the new agency of printing, copies of the Scriptures were then multiplying beyond all precedent. Prohibited in England, they were imported from Antwerp. Publicly denounced and burnt by the authorities, they became notorious by the very acts of their enemies, and the more copies were given to the flames, the more were printed to supply their place.

This fact is illustrated by Hall the chronicler in a very amusing anecdote, which, though clearly tinged with the prejudices of the writer, is doubtless true in the main. He tells us that Tunstal, Bishop of London, being at the time abroad, in Flanders, engaged the services of one Augustine Packington, a London merchant trading in those parts, to purchase for him all the unsold copies of Tyndale's Bible, that they might be burned at Paul's Cross. Packington, who was a secret friend of Tyndale's, assured the bishop he had peculiar facilities, from his acquaintance among the merchants, for securing the whole impression. He then went to Tyndale himself, and told him he had found a customer ready to purchase from him all his stock. Tyndale was quite ready to sell, even to the Bishop of London, seeing that the proceeds would enable him to print the book once more in an improved edition. "And so," to quote the words of the chronicler, "forward went the bargain. The bishop had the books, Packington had the thanks, and Tyndale had the money." When, after this, New Testaments still came, "thick and threefold," into England, the

bishop sent for Packington again, and asked him how they came to be so abundant. Packington assured him the fault was not his; he had bought every copy that was then to be had. "But I perceive," he said, "they have made more since; and it will never be better as long as they have the letters and stamps. Therefore it were best for your lordship to buy the stamps too, and then you are sure." This however, was a little too absurd. "The bishop smiled at him, and said, 'Well, Packington, well!' and so ended this matter."

To any one who knows the history of the times and the character of Bishop Tunstal, the idea of him entering into such a negotiation in pure simplicity of mind, and being taken by surprise at the result, is simply preposterous; but there is no reason to doubt that the expedient of buying up and burning an edition of Tyndale was actually put in practice. That Tunstal did so on his own account is, however, exceedingly improbable. He was, in all likelihood, acting as the agent of the king's council, to whose determination in the matter he may or may not have been a consenting party. Be this, however, as it may, the story has genuine historic value, as showing the popular interest in the Bible, and the danger apprehended from it on the eve of the English Reformation.

But long before the days of Tyndale, and long before the invention of printing, the Bible had already become the people's property. Before the close of the fourteenth century Wycliffe had translated it into the vernacular tongue, and in defiance alike of prejudice and authority, it was read and quoted, and circulated among the community. It is difficult at the present day to imagine the strong impression it produced from the very first among a people who till then can hardly be said to have had any popular literature. It was welcomed with an enthusiasm that could not be restrained, and read with avidity, both by priests and laymen. Under its widespread influence men woke up to a new sense of religion. The authority of tradition was sensibly weakened, being brought face to face with the earliest records of Christianity; and there grew up, to the alarm of bishops and Churchmen, a thing till then unheard of, a popular theology.

The old Church feeling expressed itself emphatically against a book that had produced this disastrous consequence. "This Master Wycliffe," says Knighton, "translated into English, not an angelic tongue



(in *Anglicam linguam, non angelicam*), the Gospel that Christ committed to the clergy and doctors of the Church, that they might administer it gently to laymen and infirm persons, according to the requirements of the time and their individual wants and mental hunger. So by him it has become common, and more open to laymen and women who know how to read than it usually is to clerks of good understanding and a fair amount of learning. And thus the Gospel pearl is cast forth and trodden by swine; what used to be held dear by clerks and laymen has become like an amusement for both;\* the gem of clerks is turned into the sport of laymen; and what was once a talent given from above to clergy and doctors of the Church is for ever common to the laity."

Thus vulgarized, it was really impossible that the sacred book could be looked upon with the same eyes as formerly. To our own times, doubtless, it will seem that the general diffusion of the Scriptures ought not to diminish reverence; nor does experience teach us that such has been the effect. But the least enlightened reverence of our days is essentially different from the feeling that Wycliffe's Bible seems for ever to have dispelled. The pious awe which found mystic meanings in the plainest passages, and built up a world of theological fancies upon individual words and syllables, instead of encouraging perusal of the Scriptures, had treated them as a kind of cabalistic writings, too sacred for vulgar use. This feeling, in England at least, had received its death-blow. The Bible, if not in every man's hands, was at least in many men's mouths. Its phraseology had become familiar even to those who did not read it themselves; and the homely wisdom, blended with eternal truth, which has long ago passed into household words and proverbs, could not be restrained in its circulation either by religious or worldly prejudice. No wonder that the clergy felt their influence undermined; they had lost their exclusive privilege of reading and interpreting the Bible. The double monopoly was taken from them without leave, and could never again be restored to them. A new sect had arisen with a theology of its own; and preachers, who proclaimed themselves true and evangelical because they had the Gospel in English,† strongly insisted upon doctrines still more subversive of their authority.

\* *Quasi jocositas communis utriusque.*

† *Seipos veros predicatoros et evangelicos eo quod evangelium in Anglicam linguam habebant translatum vociferabant.* — Knighton, 2665.

Of this sect, as might be expected, not a few were extravagant in their enthusiasm. Popular preachers made it a study how to shock the sense of reverence wherever they themselves had ceased to feel it. Their plain, blunt sense could see no mystery in things tangible. They rejected the doctrine of the Real Presence, denounced the use of images in churches, and inveighed against pilgrimages as foolish and unprofitable. Nor could they be satisfied to declare their own opinions without insulting those of others. The saints to whose shrines men had been used to make pilgrimages were spoken of as the Witch of Lincoln and the Witch of Walsingham. The images were treated with open disrespect.‡ Two clerks at Leicester wanted fuel to cook their victuals. "Here," said one, "is an image of St. Catherine; let us make her a martyr once more." Then taking up a hatchet, "Let us see if she will bleed," he said; "if not, she will help us to boil our cabbage."\* To such men falsehood did not appear venerable because it was old, and charity did not suggest respect for the delusions of their neighbours. We need not wonder that they roused the deepest animosity of their opponents. They could have done that by conduct far less offensive in an age the petty class feelings of which it is hard for the nineteenth century to comprehend. But they did more than this, and went so far as ultimately to create a reaction against themselves.

In Wycliffe's day, however, the tide ran strong against the clergy. It was a period of social revolution fast driving on to political disorder. The sceptre of Edward III. had fallen into the hands of a weak, self-willed boy. The glories of war and chivalry had been marred by calamity and discontent at home. Two mighty pestilences had ravaged the land and thinned the population, till the fields lay untilled for lack of labourers. Lords and landowners were impoverished, while the lower classes assumed more and more an independence that disquieted their superiors. The emancipation of villains, always favoured by the genius of English law, was attempted to be restrained by parliament;† but the toe of the peasant still pressed too near the heel of the courtier. And while the relations of high and low were thus unsettled, those of other orders of the community, not separated by degrees of rank, were equally unsatisfactory. Strange jealousies existed between town and country, trades and "mysteries,"

\* Knighton, 2662.

† Statute 1 Ric. II., c. 6.

monks, friars, and secular clergy. Thus Chaucer's pilgrims could not travel together to Canterbury without wounding each other's class sensibilities by the tales they told to beguile the journey. The drunken miller offends the reeve, who revenges himself by an indecent story of a miller. The host throws contempt on the pardoner and his relics. The religious orders are animated by still greater bitterness. The friar's tale is directed against "Sompnours," a class of men of whom he declares it notorious no good can ever be said. The "Sompnour," "quaking for ire like an aspen-leaf," retaliates upon friars in general with ludicrous and biting satire. The apostolic simplicity of the poor parson, whose character is so beautifully depicted, only renders him obnoxious to an imputation of Lollardy, when it is found he objects to profane swearing.

Even more descriptive of these mutual jealousies, so far as concerned the religious orders, is the contemporary poem, entitled "The Creed of Piers Ploughman." The writer describes his anxiety to learn the true doctrines of Christianity, and his fruitless applications to each of the different orders of friars to teach him his Creed. He had mastered his A, B, C, pattered his Pater-noster, and knew the Ave-Maria almost to the end; but not knowing his Creed, he expected the priest would impose upon him a hard penance, and the words of Jesus Himself impressed him still more with the needfulness of a true belief. A Carmelite had promised to teach him what was necessary; but before going to him he asks counsel of a Minorite. The Minorite laughs in his face, and asks how he can expect to be taught anything good by those who have no good in themselves. The Carmelites, he said, were a set of worthless knaves, who kept concubines and deceived the people. They called themselves Mary's men, and were continually beguiling women. They drank deep at fairs, and preached of pardon to please the people, saying nothing of penance or of the doctrines of St. Paul. They were those of whom Paul said, weeping, that "they were enemies of the cross of Christ." The Minorite then recommends his own order. "We haunt no taverns," he said, "have nothing to do with markets, touch no money, and never eat but when we are hungry; we have forsaken the world, live in penance and poverty, and pray for those who give us any good wherewith we may honour God. A bell or a book, food, clothes, or other chattels, would be acceptable. We are building a large edifice—a

church and chapter-house, with chambers aloft, with high walls and wide windows to be adorned with gay glittering glass; and if you are inclined to help us with your money, you shall be represented in gold, in the middle of the western window, kneeling before Christ, and St. Francis himself shall fold you in his cope, and present you to the Trinity. As for your Creed, you need take no more trouble about that; for I pledge my soul to assail you."

But the writer, struck with the Minorite's want of charity in aspersing the Carmelites, and the real covetousness of the order, notwithstanding their rule not to touch money, goes next to the Dominicans or Preachers. After gazing awhile at the exterior of their magnificent house, with its well-wrought windows, and painted pillars carved in curious knots, he entered. Wide walls, with private posterns, enclosed orchards and arbours, and a curious cross beautifully sculptured with tabernacles, the workmanship of which would have been cheap at the price of a ploughland. The monastery itself was a mansion built with arches on every side, finely carved—

"With crochetes on corneres  
With knottes of gold.  
Wyde wyndowes y-wrought,  
Y-wryten ful thikke,  
Shynen with shapen sheldes,  
To shewen aboute,  
With merkes of merchauntes  
Y-medeled betwene,  
Mo than twentie and two  
Twyse y-noumbred."

Then there were magnificent tombs and effigies of knights in marble, with their ladies by their sides, in garments inlaid with gold. Even if the tax had been truly collected for ten years, it would not have half sufficed to build that house. He came to the cloister well paved, and covered with lead, with tin conduits and lavers of "laten," and to the chapter-house, built like a great church. The refectory was like a hall for a king's household, with broad boards and benches, and windows of glass. Everywhere were high walls, and noble houses, and kitchens on a scale of royal magnificence, all with strong stone walls, and every aperture well glazed. Yet the dwellers in these palaces would beg a bag of wheat from a poor man scarce able to pay half his rent!

In the refectory the inquirer addressed himself to a friar seated on a bench, "a great churl and a grim, grown as a tun, with a face so fat as a full bladder," and asked to be recommended to some worthy man

who would teach him to know his Creed, adding that he had been exhorted by an Augustinian, who assured him that his order was the first founded since Christ died. To this the friar answered, "Fie upon his cloth!" and denounced the Austin friars as the friends of prostitutes and thieves, to whom they sold privileges, caring for nothing but money. "Our order," he said, "was founded before theirs; and we are famous for the learned clerks, bishops, saints, and popes that have belonged to us." "Ah!" said the other, "and yet, according to what Christ said, he that would be greatest should become the least. He praised humility; here I find nothing but pride: so farewell." He then turns his steps towards the Augustinians, and makes the same request to one of them, saying that a Minquite had offered to heal his soul and recommended his own order as the safest. The Augustinian immediately launches out into abuse of the Minorites, many of whom had more wealth than ten knights, and who lived on better fare than any of the other orders, for all their pretence of poverty. Professing to follow the rule of Saint Francis, they had more cloth in the lining of their capes than St. Francis allowed in their frocks when the order was instituted; and yet under these capes they had coats lined with the fur of martens, weasels, or fine beaver, cut to the knee, and buttoned so as not to be seen. St. Francis bade the brethren go barefoot, but they wore buckled shoes, because their heels blistered, and put on hose in rough weather. They were in favour with lords, because they stooped so low; but if men knew their hypocrisy, they would be little esteemed. "But," said the friar, "you need go no further for what you are in search of. We Augustinians are the first of the orders, and founded upon truth. Paul, the first hermit, led us himself into the wilderness, and taught us to despise the world; but as these friars, who were founded in towns, mistaught the people, we made our cells in cities to teach them aright. We have power from the Pope to assail those who help our house, and to dispense with them for sin. Help us with money, corn, cattle, bedclothes, beads, or broche, or bread, and I undertake you shall be a brother of our house, and have a book sealed at the next chapter. Then, our provincial has power to assail all sisters and brothers of our order; and although you know not your creed, kneel down here, I pledge my soul to assail you clean, if you come back and bring us something."

Thus, instead of obtaining a creed to satis-

fy his conscience, he was again asked to minister to the pride and covetousness of a sect. He yet resolves to try the Carmelites, two of whom he finds in a tavern. Making the same request as before, he addresses one of them, mentioning that a Preacher had promised to teach him. "A trifle!" exclaims the Carmelite; "the Preachers are no true followers of St. Dominic. They ingratiate with lords, amass money, and buy bishoprics. They are counsellors of kings, but when did they ever help a poor wight that could do no good to their house? As sure as the Minors excel in hypocrisy, so do the Preachers in pride. But, Christian, we Carmelites came before them all, in the time of Elijah, and we serve our Lady in purity of life; not proudly and worldly like the Preachers, but continually busy with our beads. Believe me, one mass performed by us is worth all their prayers; and if you will give us anything to help our house, I promise to assail you, even though you do not know your Creed." "To tell the truth," says the inquirer, "I have not a penny to pay for my meat; I work for my food. But if you would teach me my Creed for the love of God, I would reward you when it was in my power." "Really," says the friar, in answer, "I take you for a fool. You want to catch fish, and will not wet your feet. Farewell. I must hence to visit a housewife who has bequeathed us ten pounds. I think she is on her death-bed, and fear she may alter her will." "God forbid!" exclaims his companion. "May she depart before she change her purpose. God let her not live longer!" This picture may, perhaps, be slightly overdrawn: but there can be no doubt as to the mutual feelings with which the rival orders regarded each other, and the character they had all acquired for wordliness and cupidity. In these vices they seem to have excelled the laity, as much as in uncharitableness and hatred. But the laity, as we have seen, had their class feelings too. In Church and State alike the seeds of anarchy were sown.

Nor did it promise peace when a priest like Wycliffe declared himself against the endowment of the clergy. The temporal lords had already endeavoured to curb their power, by statutes of provisors, præmunire, and mortmain. They had also procured their exclusion from offices of state, and showed themselves in every way anxious to lessen their political importance. In this they had from Wycliffe the fullest co-operation. The Church itself, in a purer age, had always protested against the clergy being trammelled with secular employments; and to re-

deem it from corruption now Wycliffe recommended a return to apostolic poverty. The apostles had laboured with their hands to earn their livelihood, and Wycliffe urged that priests should do the same; but, as might be expected, the suggestion was most popular with the laity. It failed to inspire the clergy with the spirit of sacrifice, but it succeeded in awaking the contrary spirit in their enemies; and after Wycliffe's death we find the Commons urging Henry IV. to seize the temporalities of the Church.

His followers in those early days increased with wonderful rapidity. According to the estimate of an opponent, they soon numbered half the population, and you could hardly see two persons in the street but one of them was a Wycliffite. So powerful had they become as a sect that many professed Lollardy from fear. They were supported by the influence of John of Gaunt, who shielded not only Wycliffe himself, but even the most violent of the fanatics. The new doctrines supplied a ready pretext to those who would disobey or resist authority. John Ball fomented the insurrection of Wat Tyler by preaching the natural equality of men; and, William Swynderby, who made his pulpit between two mill-stones, became twice as popular as before when he had been forbidden to preach by his bishop.\*

But the popularity of Lollardy was short-lived. The extravagance to which it led soon alienated the sympathies of the people, and the sect fell off in numbers almost as rapidly as it had risen. Besides, the relation of the Lollards to the Church was altered. Wycliffe's opinions, in his own day, had never been decisively declared heretical. He vindicated them by the words of Scripture and by the authority of the Fathers; but in no respect did he pretend to maintain dogmas of his own against the decisive declarations of the Church. So long as he lived it was always possible that a general council might have given its sanction to his views; and when at last they were condemned at Constance, the punishment of heresy could only be visited upon his bones. But the Lollards who succeeded him really made a religion for themselves; not that they went the length of forming a separate communion, but they notoriously held views discountenanced by the Church at large. They seem, indeed, to have had little learning, and to have been, for the most part, laymen. Their only clerical martyr, William Sautré, lived in the early days of Lollardy, and his

fate appears to have acted as a very sufficient warning. He suffered in the second year of Henry IV. under a new Act of Parliament, framed expressly to repress the growth of heresy.

Thus the reaction against Lollardy had commenced at the time of the usurpation of the House of Lancaster. The case of Lord Cobham seventeen years later is a striking example how far it had proceeded. This nobleman, better known as Sir John Oldcastle, whatever may have been the real merits of his character, seems to have been in his own day an object of general contempt and hatred. The sect to which he gave his adherence had by this time lost the support of greatness. Experience had shown that politically it was not to be relied on. The rebellion of Wat Tyler had been manifestly promoted by a heresy that tended to put all men upon a level, and the new religion had become a religion of clowns. The sanctimonious manners of a set of men who were always quoting Scripture and never swore like gentlemen,\* seemed quite inconsistent with the dignity of knighthood; and mocking ballads like the following told plainly what was thought of Oldcastle:—

"Hit is unkyndly for a knight

That shuld a kynges castel kepe,

To bable the Bibel day and night

In restyng tyme when he shuld slepe,

And carefoly awey to crepe

For alle the chief of chivalrie

Well aught hym to waile and wepe

That suyche lust hath in lollardie.

"An Old Castel and not repaired

With wast walles and wovwes wide;

The wages ben ful evyl wared

With suich a capitayn to abide,

That rereth riot for to ride

Agayns the kyng and his clergie,

With privè peyne and porè pride.

Ther is a poynt of lollardie."†

Yet if he suffered injustice from his contemporaries, it was long before he fared much better with posterity. Tradition kept his memory alive in a form that showed

\* We have already alluded to the passage in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," where the host asks the parson to relate a story in his turn, "for Goddes bones," and the parson wonders what is the matter that he should swear so sinfully. The host at once sets him down as a Lollard, and the Shipman, to prevent his taking gospel or heresy, immediately breaks in with his tale unasked. It will be remembered, also, how Hotspur ridicules his wife's expression, "In good sooth," and bids her "swear, like a lady, a good mouthhalling oath." In the same way it comes that one of Falstaff's vituperative epithets is "a rascally yea-forsooth knave."

† "Wright's Political Poems," ii., 244.

\* Knighton, 2064, 2066, &c.



little respect for martyrdom. With his character travestied, and his true history perverted, he became a well-known figure upon the stage, repeated in many rude dramatic entertainments, like the clown in pantomimes. His likeness was recognized in the form of a fat, dissolute knight, whose conversation smacked of scriptural phraseology, and whose valour displayed itself in drinking sack and robbing travellers by night. Thus Shakspeare found ready-made the character of Falstaff. The name he may have been induced to alter from a sense of the injustice of tradition; at all events, he knew well the character would be recognized, and took special care to mark it as unhistorical. In the epilogue to the "Second Part of Henry IV." he promises to continue the story with Sir John in it: "where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man."

When the Reformation came, a change came in historic sympathies. Zealous Protestants sought eagerly for mediæval precedents of resistance to the Pope, abuse of monks, and all that had been persecuted as heresy under the undisputed sway of Rome. Dr. Richard James, librarian to Sir Robert Cotton, wrote in the beginning of the seventeenth century a "Legend and Defence of the noble Knight and Martyr, Sir John Oldcastle," which he dedicated to Sir Henry Bouchier. It was never published, and remains to this day among the Bodleian MSS.; but its object, as stated by himself, was to show that Sir John Oldcastle was "a man of valour and vertue, and onely lost in his owne times because he would not bowe under the foule superstition of Papistrie." And in his dedicatory epistle, he bears important testimony to a fact of remarkable interest. "In Shakspeare's first shewe of Harrie the Fifth," he says, meaning what is called the "First Part of Henry the Fourth," "the person with which he undertook to playe a buffone was not Falstaffe, but Sir John Oldcastle; and offence beinge worthily taken by personages descended from his title, as peradventure by manie others also whose ought to have him in honourable memorie, the poet was putt to make an ignorant shifte of abusing Sir John Falstaffe, a man not inferior of virtue, though not so famous in pietie, as the other." Thus it seems that Shakspeare had originally constructed his play with the old character under the old name, and it has been shown by Mr. Halliwell that the defective metre in one passage bears testimony to the

change. It is hard to say why he chose the name of Falstaff as a substitute. It seems to be a perversion of that of Fastolf,\* a knight of Henry VI.'s time, whose appearance in the play of *Henry the Fourth* could be nothing but an intentional anachronism. The real Fastolf is seen in his true place in the *First Part of Henry the Sixth*, one of those plays which, though somewhat doubtfully attributed to Shakspeare, are in all editions of his works. Whether he deserved, better than Oldcastle, to be held up to ridicule upon the stage, is a question we will not take it upon us to decide. Worthy Fuller, as well as Dr. James, is a little indignant at the treatment he has received from the dramatist, and declares there is no more need of argument to prove Fastolf's valour than to show that the sun is bright. But in this he certainly overlooks the fact that Fastolf, whether justly or not, was in his own day accused of cowardice on one occasion. It is not true, as represented in the *First Part of Henry the Sixth*, that he was deprived of the Garter on this account; on the contrary, he continued high in favour with the Regent Bedford, who promoted him the year after his alleged poltroonery to the lieutenancy of Caen. He afterwards took a leading part in the French wars, and had the misfortune to be regarded by many as one of the causes of the loss of Normandy. From this charge he was at great pains to vindicate himself by various writings, showing that the result was really owing to his advice having been neglected. He seems to have been a man of harsh and cruel disposition, and probably had many enemies to speak ill of him, who may have caused an unjust blight upon his reputation.†

\* Both characters, however, are named "Falstaffe" in the early folios of Shakspeare.

† Various indications of his unpopularity may be seen in the "Paston Letters." "Cruel and vengible he hath been ever, and for the most part, without pity and mercy," is the unflattering character of him given by his own servant, Henry Windsor (vol. iii. 281). Elsewhere he himself bears testimony to some private grudge against him. He was irritated by certain words that some of his neighbours in Norfolk had used to John Paston. These words, which the editor of the "Paston Letters" could not understand, I read thus: "Ware thee, cousin ware; and go we to dinner, go we where? To Sir John Fastolf, and there we shall well pay therefor." And he wrote to Paston to state to him in confidence who were present on the occasion (vol. iii. 235). At the time of Cade's rising, one of his servants was taken by the insurgents. Cade sent the man round the camp, preceded by a herald, who proclaimed that he had been sent as a spy upon them by "the greatest traitor that was in England or in France, as the said captain made proclamation at that time, from one Sir John Fastolf, Knight, the which minished all the garrisons of Normandy, and Mans and Maline, the which was the cause of the losing of all the king's title and right of inheritance that he had beyond sea." (Vol. i. 57.), 1397.

With Fastolf's character, however, we are not here concerned. Our object has been to trace the rise and decay of Lollardy. From what we have said the reader will be prepared for one conclusion. Notwithstanding the darkness that surrounds all subjects connected with the history of the fifteenth century, we may venture pretty safely to affirm that Lollardy was not the beginning of modern Protestantism. Plausible as it seems to regard Wycliffe as "the morning star of the Reformation," the figure conveys an impression which is altogether erroneous. Wycliffe's real influence did not long survive his own day, and so far from Lollardy having taken any deep root among the English people, the traces of it had wholly disappeared long before the great revolution of which it is thought the forerunner. At all events, in the rich historical material for the beginning of Henry the Eighth's reign, supplied by the correspondence of the time, we look in vain for a single indication that any such thing as a Lollard sect existed. The movement had died a natural death;

from the time of Oldcastle it sank into insignificance. Though still for awhile considerable in point of numbers, it no longer counted among its adherents any man of note; and when another generation had passed away, the serious action of civil war left no place for the crotchets of fanaticism.

Yet, doubtless, Lollardy did not exist in vain. A strong popular faith does not entirely die, because it never can be altogether unsound. The leaven of the Lollard doctrines remained after the sect had disappeared. It leavened the whole mass of English thought, and may be traced in the theology of the Anglican Church itself. Ball and Swynnderby were forgotten, as they deserved to be; extravagance effervesced and was no more; but there still remained, and to this day continues, much that is far more sound than unsound.

What the special doctrines of the Lollards were, and how far they have survived to the present day, I hope to examine in a second article. JAMES GAIRDNER.

## SEPTEMBER.

SWEET is the voice that calls  
From babbling waterfalls  
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;  
And soft the breezes blow  
And eddying come and go  
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn  
The blithe quail pipes at morn,  
The merry partridge drums in hidden places,  
And glittering insects gleam  
Above the reedy stream  
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall  
Across the garden wall,  
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning,  
And pearly vapors lie  
Along the eastern sky  
Where the broad harvest-moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill  
The winds shall whistle chill,  
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,  
To fly from frost and snow,  
And seek for lands where bloom  
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The pollen-dusted bees  
Search for the honey-lees  
That linger in the last flowers of September,  
While plaintive mourning doves  
Coo sadly to their loves  
Of the dead summer they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,  
"O fairest summer, stay!"  
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts brown-  
ing;  
The wild-fowl fly afar  
Above the foamy bar  
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze  
Through the dark cedar-trees  
And round about my temples fondly lingers,  
In gentle playfulness  
Like to the soft caress  
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief  
Comes with the falling leaf,  
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,  
In all my autumn dreams  
A future summer gleams  
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

*Harpers' Monthly.*

From the Athenæum.

## BRUCE'S COWPER.

*The poetical Works of William Cowper.*With Notes and a Memoir, by John Bruce.  
3 vols. (Bell & Daldy.)

IN matters of taste and judgment, the men who are apparently the best qualified to pronounce often greatly err. Cowley very much surprised the Earl of Leicester when he declared Chaucer to be "a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving." Hannah Moore, treating of murder, in the De Quincey fashion, as a sort of fine art, was more than half-inclined to look upon the Newgate Calendar as a more interesting book than Sydney's "Arcadia." Handel confessed that he was totally insensible to the alleged excellence of Purcell's compositions; and Cowper looked upon Handel's "Messiah" with something of the feeling which John Kemble had for Mont Blanc — a feeling that more admiration was wasted on it than was at all justifiable. When Sir Egerton Brydges said that Cowper's taste lay in "a smiling, colloquial, good-natured humour," he meant that Cowper's *humour* was good-natured, pleasant, chatty, and marked by good taste. It was, however, often under the reflection of that melancholy which Sir Egerton also describes as being "black and diseased rather than partaking of a rich and grave contemplativeness." However this may be, there is no question about Cowper's merits or his popularity. Editions of his works succeed each other, and all find ready purchasers. Editor follows editor, and each furnishes fresh intelligence, for which there is ample appetite. It is a good sign of the times, when people are accused by moralists of being influenced by low motives, that there is always a very large audience for Cowper. His letters and poetry have taken a distinguished place among English classics. Mr. Bruce does not over-rate them when he remarks that "their reputation is derived from their truthfulness and absence of affectation, and will last as long as it is admitted that those qualities are the foundation of all excellence, whether in life or literature."

Cowper belongs to two periods. He was born a hundred and thirty-four years ago, when men were living who had, in their boyhood, seen Cromwell's funeral. He died in 1800; and there are some among us who, when sprightly youths, may have looked upon the poor crazy poet, as he moved towards the grave which, from the time of the poet's own boyhood, had always seemed to lie open at his feet.

In the works of a minstrel singing on domestic themes, and belonging, as it were, to two ages, there must necessarily be old world illustrations denoting social change. Thus, no one now, in the remotest part of England, listens for the postboy's horn, harbinger of tardy news. Coachmen now take their elderly mistresses on little excursions without carrying a supply of grease with them, to ease and silence the strident wheels. There is no Vestris now, with merits so paramount as to force even a Cowper to notice him; for those odious male dancers are "gone out." Smoking, which had yielded to "snuffing" in the poet's days, has recovered its pre-eminence. The then new slang word, "pitch-kettled" has given way again to the older word, "bamboozled." Even German students in these days would hardly subdue themselves to the quality of gallantry which distinguished the ardent British youth of the last century, who drank Tokay to Miss Bridget's health, out of Miss Bridget's slipper. The men "who wear a coronet and pray" are not so rare now as in Cowper's time, when he gave the solitary distinction to the Earl of Dartmouth; whose son, however, Lord Lewisham, was one of the hard-drinking fellows of the Prince of Wales. Finally, the most simple-minded of country parsons would probably hesitate now to do what — as Mr. Bruce informs us in one of his many brief and intelligent notes — Newton did in the rainy seasons at Olney — namely, trudge through the mud, from the parsonage to the church, in pattens! We have changed manners without changing natures, yet with a little more refinement; just as Monmouth Street is converted into Dudley Street, yet is still the mart for old clothes and the exchange for singing birds!

Poets of nature are contemporary with all time, because they address themselves to human sympathies, which do not undergo much variety of sensation. It is when Cowper rushes into poitities that his sentiments seem of the old, out-of-season quality. His ideas of Gaul and Frank were those which Nelson, in war-time, instilled into his midshipmen. His views and his prophecies touching America were of the old ultra-Tory class; and yet there are two lines in the rhymed epistle addressed, in 1782, to his friend Bull, which might have been written any day last year, and to which we should all have said, *Amen!* —

And so may smiling Peace once more  
Visit America's sad shore.

The time is past when criticism on Cow-

per's works is called for. Summarily, we may say that we agree with those who acknowledge him as the most refined of didactic poets, who see dignity in his "Table Talk," discernment in his "Progress of Error," earnestness in his "Truth," benevolence in his "Expostulation," and a pure Christian feeling in those and all his other poems — with some exceptions. He wrote of Madan as no man should write who had been indebted to Madan for his first comforting views of religion and peace of mind; for, as Mr. Bruce very properly emphasizes the fact, Cowper did not go mad through excess, but through lack of, true religious feeling; and this should never be lost sight of, in judging of Cowper's character. Madan saved him from all the horrors into which a man might not merely fall, but plunge, who could pen such awful Sapphics as Cowper did, with much method in his madness, to illustrate the insanity of his condition.

But men, with Cowper, were only good when they walked as Cowper walked. Chess was frivolous, billiards were sinful, field sports ignoble, and travelling was perilous to virtue; but to hold thread for ladies to wind on their bobbins, to walk in shady groves, to take change of air by change of parish, to dine on the game and venison he would not shoot, to partake of the halibut he would not catch and the oysters he would not have had the heart to open, were things right, proper, and imperative, not only for himself, but for all men.

Throughout his life he relied for support entirely on women. The shoe-buckles of the tyrant of his school seemed twice as dreadful to his mind when he thought of the soft, sweet eyes of his loving mother. When he went into the world, a law student, he was as a ship rudderless on the wild ocean of life, till he was welcomed to his uncle Ashley Cowper's house, and there found a bright, happy home, with the tenderest of friends in one of the daughters, Theodora Cowper, to whom he addressed his early manuscript love ditties, and who, among all the ladies whom poets have loved, is, to our thinking, the most attractive, interesting, mysterious, and provoking.

In the "Early Poems," after every allowance for poetical exaggeration, there is satisfactory evidence of the depth and truthfulness of the young poet's affection for Theodora, and there are also some materials towards the poet's biography. From these we learn that Cowper was a sort of London Cymon, whose rougher qualities, born of inexperience, underwent refinement beneath the sweet influence of the Iphigenia of South-

ampton Row. He makes record of his new sensations in rhyme, yet he is, at first, too timid to show his verse to his mistress, lest "Delia" should be offended by the bold aspirations of his muse. But this reluctance, real or affected, passed away, and each piece was doubtless sent to her by whom it had been inspired. The remainder of the poetic record is thoroughly natural. Now and then we can see that the nymph may have been a little wayward, the swain perhaps a little exacting. There were lovers' quarrels between them occasionally, which the poet thought a loss of precious hours, and he sang to that effect; but he grew wiser, and found the process of reconciliation so delicious, that little disagreements, well feigned, became portions of the young delight, and the enraptured bard cherished

The thousand soft disquietudes of love,  
The trivial strifes that cause a real pain,  
The real bliss when reconciled again.

Not many glimpses does the poet-painter afford us of the personal attractions of his "love." His grief at her pretty cruelty in refusing to bless him with a lock of her hair, has, however, exhibited to all time

— the snowy neck,  
The Eden where it grew;

and once, and once only, we catch a glance of those soft eyes,

— where soft complacence sits,  
Illumin'd with the radiant beams of sense.

The nearest approach made by our modest lover to the "strictly private and confidential," is in allusion to the tears Theodora shed at one of their partings. Even then, sweet William does not refer to the past, but to what the future and a like opportunity might bring; then, he would catch her trembling tears on his lips; and he, naturally, with such an object in view, bids her weep on,

Nor think it weakness, when we love, to feel,  
Nor think it weakness what we feel to show.

We may believe that absence from her who had first set the pure pulses of his manly heart in quickened motion, reduced him to despair, for it was of his nature throughout life to hold as lost some of the dearest gifts of God that were close to his hand. He has then no joy but "the dear hope of meeting" Delia; and that hope, of course, in such an organization as Cowper's, "subsists but to prolong my pain." He even imagines cases,



self-torturer as he was, in which her very presence would make him sad. If she were to be at his side, in sickness or sorrow, she would be touched by sympathy, and to behold her pain would but increase his own. In one of the seasons of absence she may have asked how he came to love this wayward yet intelligent cousin of his, for the apparent answer comes in the words —

First, from necessity we own your sway  
Then scorn our freedom, and by choice obey.

And this obedience is marked by a fidelity in absence, which he alludes to at some length, and which is characterized by his total unconsciousness, he says, of what is being said or done around him in any society. It is only when Theodora is praised that

I attend and, at once, inattentive appear.

But society has its duties as well as privileges, and his convivial co-mates will challenge him, at the festive board, to pledge in a brimming glass to the name of the girl of his heart; but Cowper, cautious even at high festivity, remarks —

And lastly, when summon'd to drink to my  
flame,  
Let her guess why I never once mention her  
name,  
Tho' herself and the woman I love are the  
same.

It was a name too dear and sacred to him to be tossed on the lips of even such temperate tavern banqueters as Cowper drank with, in the neighborhood of the Temple. For such a woman we may suppose that the young lover would have expressed himself not merely ready and willing, but determined, to surmount any difficulty that lay in the way of that success in life which should raise her and him far above the level on which they stood before they met the perils and pleasures of a married existence. When his great ancestor and namesake, William Cowper, married Judith Booth, the young couple lived upon labour, hope, and the happy, but modest, results. When Mary Clavering succeeded the deceased Judith, her energetic husband worked his way to the woollack, made her a countess, enjoyed his leisure hours at home, and smartly birched the little Cowpers who marred his leisure by their exuberant gaiety. Our poet Cowper was of those whose object is the woollack too, but he had no energy for the struggle of which it is the prize. He left struggle and prize to his fellow-student,

Thurlow, but he would make prize and fellow for life of his beautiful and intellectual cousin, Theodora, yet with no higher expressed ambition, as far as the early poems show, — with nothing more attractive to win her consent, nothing more lively to quicken her in the giving of it, — than desire with her to

Gently spin out the silken thread of life.

All his nature is in that very candid line. The expression of it might have made many a high spirited girl hesitate; but Theodora loved him as true woman loves, as he himself said he loved his country, with all faults included; and, for better for worse, she was ready to spin the thread of life, however entangled it might have become, or however gently it might have run off the reel, in unison with Cowper's very silken nature.

Joyously she would have gone through a glad, and patiently through a darkened, career; faithful, in either case, to him to whom she owed her triumph or her sorrow. Her very reply to her father, when he asked her how she was to live if she married her cousin, — the reply of a young lady whose hand had the dainty sense of no labour, and who was daily familiar with carriage luxury, — that she could take to the laundry by day, and have a great dog to ride at night, was the expression of a courageous spirit. It seems to have been mirthfully made, to obviate objection, or to imply that no solid objection could exist. But the father, on good grounds, we think, refused his consent, and Theodora showed the worth of the great heart which Cowper lost by silently submitting to her father's will. Love, fidelity, obedience, she gave them all where the daughter acknowledged them to be due. She would have yielded them all a thousand times as gladly could she have seen them due to her cousin, as his wife. To him, and to the memory of the time of their young affection, she remained true, loving and faithful, and, indeed, obedient to what she deemed the obligation of her love. Theodora's thread of life was spun in single blessedness; and so was Cowper's silken thread; but then his task was made pleasant by the gentle aid of Mrs. Unwin.

It was not in the nature of Cowper that he should be insensible to a blow which deprived him at once of a mistress and of a home, — for his uncle's house was the only happy substitute for a home which Cowper had in London, and he had none elsewhere. We accept what he has recorded in verse, on this subject, as the unexaggerated de-

scription of his feelings; and we believe that, for a time, he daily mourned the disappointment of his hopes, in the loss of the fair cousin who was

—through tedious years of doubt and pain, Fixed in her choice, and faithful, — but in vain.

Cowper has done nothing to give immortality to the name of Theodora; but that of Mrs. Unwin, as Mr. Bruce remarks, "he has made known for all time, and throughout the world."

The poet, not yet, however, with recognized brotherhood among great singers, had, through nervousness or honesty, thrown away some of his best chances of life, and had hardly recovered, if he ever fairly recovered, from his first attack of insanity, when the Providence which men call Chance, of which it certainly had all the appearance, made him an inmate of the Unwin family, at Huntingdon. In Mrs. Unwin, a bright, handsome, intelligent, and God-fearing woman, cheerful and pious to the utmost extent of two such excellent qualities, Cowper saw at once the earthly staff on which he would willingly lean during the remainder of his life. The lady was only the daughter of a draper of Ely; but she was, nevertheless, a thorough lady in carriage of mind and body, and even in an English county-town she had the homage of respect, and in the county itself was recognized by those immensely superior folk, the "county people" — that is, the families who owned the land. When Mrs. Unwin became a widow, she and Cowper still kept house together; that is, the lady kept the house, and the poet relied on the lady. At such a domestic arrangement now, prudery would probably hint objection. However this may be, Cowper found in Mrs. Unwin, a nurse, guide, encourager, friend; and something more than merely friend, for she saved him from suicide, and helped him to fame. "It was inevitable that their attachment should become of a more tender kind," says Mr. Bruce, "than one of ordinary friendship." And he adds, "It seems a pity that they did not marry; but there were, no doubt, reasons against, with which we are unacquainted." Mr. Bruce disbelieves altogether the old tradition, that Cowper made Mrs. Unwin an offer, which was accepted, and that the marriage was broken off, in consequence of mental excitement and illness which followed the acceptance of the offer.

Some of Cowper's anxieties, at least some of his difficulties, arose from his limited pecuniary means; but a few of his friends

and kinsmen, Earl Cowper at their head, subscribed a sum sufficient to level the difficulty without arousing his pride, which, however, was not to be so offended. There was a strong dash of the Cowper eccentricity in the Earl who subscribed his not illiberal contribution towards the annuity of his cousin, the poet. He was sent, early in life, with a tutor, to make the *grand tour*, in course of which young men often added foreign vices to those they had learnt at home. This precocious pupil fell in love with a lady at Florence, lived with her there, and refused to leave her, even when his dying father entreated him to return to England. After that passion was scattered in cold ashes, he clung to Florence still, married a Miss Gore, and, in 1781, sent his children to England for education, but would not himself stir from the banks of the Arno, where he died, in 1789, and his widow in 1826. Much as he affected to despise honours, this English Earl was glad to receive the Italian decoration of St. Hubert. Walpole called it "peddling lunacy," and added that "an English Earl stooping to be Knight of St. Hubert is as if a tiger should be proud of being admitted into some order among cats."

Succour from his friends Cowper accepted with much complacency, and he had not the slightest curiosity to learn the names of those who desired to remain anonymous. Yet one of these he *must* have suspected — the faithful Theodora, whom he never again saw after her father had refused consent to their marriage. To her, Mr. Bruce is inclined to attribute an anonymous letter addressed to Cowper in one of his seasons of difficulty; one couched "in the kindest and most benevolent language imaginable," writes Cowper to Lady Hesketh, the married sister of Theodora. The writer promised him that whatever lacked in his income "should be supplied by a person who loved me tenderly and approved my conduct. I wish I knew who dictated this letter. I have seen, not long since, a style most excessively like it." From this benevolent friend, who "loved him tenderly," Cowper subsequently received many gifts in money and kind; and the same friend sent to Mrs. Unwin, who had made his life at all times tolerable, and often agreeable to him, little gifts which would contribute to that lady's personal comfort. When Lady Hesketh resided with Cowper and Mrs. Unwin for several months, she must have satisfied Theodora's curiosity by her detailed descriptions of their way of life during every hour of the day. Lady Hesketh rendered

full justice to Mrs. Unwin's self-denial, and to her invaluable services to "one whom she certainly loves as well as one human being loves another. I will not say she idolizes him, because that she would think wrong." Mrs. Unwin had made the spinning of the silken thread of life as much a delight to him as it could be; and Cowper rewarded her by lines in "The Task," which speak of her kindness and their love. Theodora anonymously helped in the gentle spinning of the same thread by annuities and well-devised gifts; but in Cowper's poems, written for publication, there is no need of thanks, even to a nameless donor. Poor Theodora!

While this fair cousin, who had inspired his earliest muse, is in the background, or prominent only in the evidences of her sympathy and some natural curiosity about Mrs. Unwin, the latter amiable lady, authorized to show more active sympathy still, suggests to Cowper "The Progress of Error," one of her many kind acts to a man to whom authorship was an elixir of life. Then there was Lady Austen, with whom he fell in love after his way, and he was never in love, as he says, without being too much so. This lady worked ruffles for him, and there was innocent gallantry and tenderness between them, with some jealousy on Mrs. Unwin's side, and wearisomeness, at last, of the too brilliant lady, on the part of Cowper. But she, too, helped him to spin his thread of life as he would have it, by suggesting the subjects of "John Gilpin" and "The Sofa." To Mrs. Throckmorton, — all "papist" as she was, and who would, therefore, not have been tolerated for a moment by the orthodox bard, but that she, too, lent an active hand in the spinning of that same thread, — to her, rather than to her bullfinch, we owe the lines on her dead bird. Theodora again, when he was in fear touching the success of his Homer, cheered the poet by her promise of his renown, and helped the somewhat needy minstrel with what minstrels only care for after fame, her gold. Both were sent anonymously, and were received with apparent indifference as to the source from whence they were derived, by the not too grateful Cowper.

It was, indeed, of his weaker nature, to take things, or to wish to be able to take things, easily. When his most constant benefactor, Mrs. Unwin, was dying, Cowper, on awaking one morning, simply asked the servant, "Sally, is there life up-stairs?" In the course of the day, as his friend Johnson was reading Miss Burney's "Camilla"

to him, the fact of Mrs. Unwin's death was broken to him by the reader. The "intelligence was received by Cowper, though not entirely without emotion, yet with such as was compatible with the resumption of the reading." This looks like want of feeling, but Cowper's emotions are not readily to be interpreted; for instance, when he was on his return from a visit to Hayley, he passed a day at Rose's, in Chancery Lane. The whole morning, we are told, "overwhelmed, he sat at the corner of the fire-place, in total silence." This is supposed to have arisen from mental infirmity; but he was in the footpath of his youth, within a stone's throw of the home of the young girl whom he had loved, and whom he had never seen since he asked for the reward of his love. The thought was enough to keep the old man silent. That he had cherished the remembrance of that home in his mind is most certain, for, when Ashley Cowper died, his nephew furnished an epitaph in which are traces of the fond remembrance. In a letter to Lady Hesketh he speaks of the probability, when he and his uncle ceased to be friends, that he should never see that uncle again; and adds, that, spite of the many years that had passed since then, he remembered his uncle's face better than that of people he had more recently seen; and then, in allusion to the father's death, he expresses "a warm hope that you and your sister" (not "Theodora," not "my dear cousin") "will be able effectually to avail yourselves of all the consolatory matter with which it abounds." After all, that cousin to whom he seemed afraid to allude, after their long divorce, by any affectionate epithet, had done her woman's work by soothing, as far as in her lay, always with true womanly delicacy, Cowper's vexed, and yet triumphant life. She survived him nearly a quarter of a century, dying in 1824. His letters to her, and his manuscript poems of which she was the youthful inspiration, she placed for safety with a friend, and the latter are included in this edition. Mr. Bruce speaks of this interesting woman as being somewhat stricken with the hereditary melancholy of the family, and as unhappily falling, at last, "into a condition of crazy oddity, very nearly allied to madness." As Mr. Bruce intends to publish a more enlarged life of Cowper than he has been able to give in the memoir of nearly two hundred pages, with which he introduces this new edition of the poems, we will hope that he may have found, or may yet find, materials for telling the whole romantic story of William and Theodora Cowper. Meanwhile,

there only remains for us to testify that in the volumes before us Mr. Bruce has performed his task of biographer with the utmost grace; and of editor with the utmost care, zeal, and fidelity. No edition of Cowper, equal to this, has yet been issued from the press.

From the Spectator.

#### SISMONDI AND NAPOLEON.\*

WE have always thought that the world has not taken in half the merits of Sismondi. A long time is needed to get justice done to that form of character. Its thorough conscientiousness — when the part it has to play is incumbered with difficulties — those difficulties, too, shifting perpetually, all of them calling out the most potent spirits of a time rich in all the elements of power — its great freedom from low motive, and yet its anxiety to be in harmony with the best minds surrounding it, give it now and then an appearance of indistinctness. Much light has, however, been thrown upon it of late. The recent publication of the *Lettres Inédites* has done something; also the clever article prefixed to that work by M. St. de René Taillandier (first written for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*); then these articles have referred us back to the charming private memoir by Mademoiselle Montgolfier, and to the best of all, Sismondi's *known* correspondence which follows it, that with Madame Mojon, with Dr. Channing, and with Mademoiselle Eulalie de St. Aulaire. So furnished, we find ourselves in a condition to be very thankful for what we have of Sismondi, but also we cannot but wish for more. Nowhere was there a more affectionate, persevering friend, in absence as well as present, than he was. When one looks at the quantity he wrote for the *public*, how rapidly his thoughts were moving and his pen writing on almost every interesting topic of the day, from the welfare of the poorest peasant to the gratification of the tastes of men of letters, how minutely he went into the smallest practical matters belonging to the lower forms of agricultural employment, and diversified these labours with high musing, on religion and politics, we wonder how he found time to be the thorough man of society he was, how he could keep up those long prolific correspondences with his mother when absent from him, with Madame d'Albany, also with his

sister, Madame Forti, to whom he says in his journal he had addressed 715 letters in the space of about thirteen years, after the death of his mother — "715 letters, all long ones, all full." "I am glad I never wearied of writing to her," he says, after she, too, was no more; "perhaps they were the greatest pleasure of her sad life." She was about fifty-eight when she died; she had lost three of her children, and had herself become blind.

There must surely be many of these letters still in being, and we attach real value to them. Throughout all Sismondi's letters, indeed, there is perfect clearness and sincerity.

"His liberalism was, as it has been well and truly said, a profound belief, a wise because a patient creed. He had suffered in his person and in his family from the excesses of an angry democracy, and had seen the effects of its ignorant and brutal frenzy, but neither democratic virtues nor democratic excesses ever assumed to his philosophical eyes the proportions which they did to many spectators of the Revolution. He felt this world to be one of trial and experiment. He rose above the intolerance of scepticism and the blank infidelity of the eighteenth century to a philosophical, though not an orthodox, belief in the truth of Christianity." — *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1864.

While Bonstetten and others of his early friends jeered at and disbelieved him, or said he would end in Methodism, Sismondi went steadily on, avowing his altered but distinct convictions, and writing his beautiful articles on "Religious Progress." Then also he was in private joining heart and hand with Channing, hailing a Christianity in which he could sympathize, pouring out the full flood of his indignation alike against priestly intolerance among Catholics and Protestants, and eagerly fighting against slavery.

Sismondi's part in the volume of *Lettres Inédites* is much the most considerable, though there are a few letters from Bonstetten; also, from Madame de Stael and from Madame de Souza. All are taken from the collection of the Countess of Albany's letters in the library of the Fabre Museum at Montpellier. Sismondi's letters to the Countess occupy 257 pages. They begin in 1807, and end just before her death, in 1823, and they are to our minds very interesting, though in a different way to those he addressed at a later period to the three correspondents we have already named. Yet Madame d'Albany had his thoughts in very eventful times, and it must be owned he never spared the expression of his dissent

\* *Lettres Inédites de J. C. L. Sismondi*. Publiées avec une Introduction par M. St. René Taillandier. Paris, 1863-64.



from her political views. All these letters have a graceful, manly independence about them—a self-respect which we honour all the more because it is mingled with a tenderness towards the prejudices of the friend of Alfieri. He delighted in the society and sympathy of superior women, and it is curious to observe the attractions of those either very much older or very much younger than himself. Thus, on his first visit to Paris, he tells Madame d'Albany, "The charm of Paris seems to grow upon me in proportion as I penetrate to its *oldest* society. I am astonished at the number of men and women approaching to eighty years, whose agreeableness is infinitely greater than that of their juniors. Madame de Boufflers (mother of M. de Sabran) is indeed far from that age; her vivacity, mobility, and judgment, however, are of the old times, and have no resemblance to the manners now in vogue. She introduced me to Madame de Coislon. There I saw Madame de St. Julien, who at eighty-six has the vivacity of youth, and who is the centre of the Chateaubriand circle. Then I am in pleasant relations with Madame de Tessé, the most amiable and enlightened of old ladies, with M. Morellet, who is over eighty-six, with M. Dupont who is seventy-five." The date of this letter is 1813. He complains of unmistakable signs of social deterioration—he thinks the men of that period selfish and time-serving. As time went on, however, full as he was of what charmed him in aristocratic society, when he returned to Geneva, and pursued his train of reflection, he was just towards the gains of the Revolution. He felt its vivifying breath, he knew that great souls had been stirred, great ideas awakened, and he became every year more deeply interested in the future of France, and when victory crowned the allied arms, and he saw cause to dread that the suppression of one form of tyranny would be the subversion of the principles themselves which were most dear to his heart, he made no secret of his anxieties. So, too, felt and feared Madame de Staël. "The people," said Sismondi, "can never be reconciled to the abuse of weakness in the same places where, a few months ago, they beheld the abuse of power." "The brothers and nephews of Louis the XVIII. are so detested," he adds, "that we may with certainty predict they will never reign. When the King dies they will be driven from France."

With these views it is not to be wondered at if Sismondi, like Benjamin Constant, was inclined to regard the return of Buonaparte

from Elba, under strong guarantees, as affording better hope for the French nation than a Bourbon ruler, and this brings us to the passage of his life which we have marked as both singular and honourable.

He published at this crisis an *Examen de la Constitution Française* in the *Moniteur*, attempting to demonstrate that the guarantees required by the nation and promised by Napoleon would be much more likely to insure liberty to the French than a monarchical government guarded by foreign bayonets. He believed that "the additional act" would insure the liberties of the citizen, that the concessions of the liberty of the press, the independence of the magistracy, and trial by jury, might now, if ever, be obtained, and he had no faith in their being safe under Bourbon rule. To infer from this that he and several other enlightened friends of France trusted Buonaparte would be a wrong inference. They only regarded the crisis, which they had, however, no hand in bringing about, as one in which he might be made to do the work of freedom better than others—he might be a "liberal *malgré lui*."

Napoleon no doubt was somewhat surprised at his newly found champion. He requested to see Sismondi, and so it came to pass that the historian and philosopher of Geneva and the Emperor walked up and down together the shaded alleys of the garden of the Elysée Bourbon for well nigh an hour. The interview was very characteristic, and every particular was noted down by Sismondi for his mother as soon as it was ended.

Buonaparte, as usual, began by compliments. He had read *all* the historian's works—he had read them again and again, always with the greatest interest. Sismondi simply replied by a reference to his last paper in the *Moniteur* on the "Constitution of France," insisting on his own convictions, and expressing his concern that they were not more general, but that, on the contrary, the imperial rule was violently repudiated.

"It will all pass over," said Buonaparte, and then he used expressions which led Sismondi to feel that he by no means saw the necessity of a complete change of measures. Seeing clearly that he was in no position to rule in defiance of opinion, the historian strove to show him the only possible course.—"What grieves me," said he, "is that they (the people) cannot be brought to see that your Majesty's system is necessarily changed. Representing the Revolution, you ought to be regarded as associated with all liberal ideas, for the liberal party here, as everywhere in Europe, can alone be your allies."—"Certainly, the peoples and myself, we know

what follows; this it is which makes the people favour me. *Never did my Government deviate from the system of the Revolution.*"

The vulpine nature of Buonaparte never was more clearly manifested than in the conversation which followed. First, the Emperor praised the English, fancying Sismondi would be pleased with this. Finding that the well-being of the *French*, however, was predominant in the historian's mind, he veered round, and lauded his own people. As to his return from Elba, —

"‘They talk of intrigues,’ said Buonaparte; ‘bah! not a word of truth in it! I was not a man to compromise my secret by communicating it. I simply waited to see all was ready for the explosion. The peasants preceded me, they followed me with their wives and children, all singing songs improvised for the occasion,’” &c.

So lauding himself and forestalling favour, the Emperor walked up and down, haranguing the philosopher. He tired himself, however, before he had done, and left Sismondi probably much less hopeful of his *protégé*. Next day came a brevet naming him “Chevalier de la Légion d’Honneur,” and a flattering letter dictated by the Emperor accompanied it. Sismondi declined the honour as a citizen of Geneva, and the brevet was never enregistered.

“‘I think with you about Sismondi,’ observed Madame de Staël, writing in that same year to the Countess d’Albany. ‘He is a man of the best faith possible; we have had terrible quarrels by letter about Buonaparte; he sees liberty where liberty is impossible, but one must allow that *anything* would be better for France than the state she is in now.’ ‘I said at once, when Buonaparte returned, if he conquers there is an end of liberty in France. If he is beaten, there is an end of all independence.’”

This anxious episode ended, how much is left to the reader of Sismondi’s works and life! It is greatly to be wished that the interesting memoir of his and his wife’s cherished friend, Bianca Milesi Mojon, were more accessible. It was written — and we are sure eloquently written — by a common friend, Emile Souvestre, but we owe all our knowledge of it in England to a well-compiled abridgment and translation bearing the well-known initials “B. R. P.,” in the *Englishwoman’s Journal*, Vol. VII., for separate publication has never been permitted. The character is charming, and the friendship and correspondence of Sismondi add no little to its interest. Singularly enough Mad-

ame Mojon owed to him, the some time sceptic, both her interest in and her knowledge of true Christianity. Nurtured first in a corrupt faith, then passing into scepticism, he led her by degrees to sounder views, and she became steadily attached to the ministry of M. Coquerel. She married a worthy Genoese, a physician highly for a time in imperial favour in France — physician in fact to Buonaparte himself, but he afterwards returned to Genoa. There his wife became a mother, but not the less a patriot, the friend of Pellico, of Manzoni, &c. She translated Mrs. Barbauld’s prose hymns into Italian, and several of Miss Edgeworth’s *Early Lessons*. It is an affecting circumstance that this excellent couple, the Mojons, were nearly the first victims of cholera at Paris in 1849. She was seized, we are told, on the 4th of June. On the morning of the 5th there was no hope. Her dearest friends were summoned, Emile Souvestre among the number. On seeing him her mind reverted to their common political interests, and extending her hand to Souvestre, and turning her eye to M. Coquerel, she said, “Let us pray for the *Republic*.” Her youngest son came in, and she murmured with her failing voice, “Tell him — always to love — his duty.” Dr. Mojon was by this time stricken himself, but he was engaged for her, and said nothing till seven o’clock, then gave his eldest son the necessary orders, went to his bed, and died almost at the same moment with his wife. It is scarcely possible to think of many of the best years of Sismondi’s life without connecting him with the Mojons, with Dr. Channing, and with his youngest correspondent, Mademoiselle Saint Aulaire. His letters to the latter, published in the volume entitled *J. C. L. de Sismondi, Fragments de son Journal et Correspondance*, are really among the most affectionate, engaging effusions we ever read. Well has Souvestre called him “Soldat de la seule vérité.” Goodness, tenderness, the warmest desire to explain and to enforce upon her the consistency of Christian principle, are manifested in these letters. The dying old man (for his disease, cancer in the stomach, was making awful progress) held to his work to the last. His views of the then state of society are perhaps the most painful part of what is left of him then. He was gloomy no doubt. Everywhere he thought the spirit of money-getting was increasing, especially so in England, and Sismondi was almost fanatical in his love of the poor. In public, in private, it was the same; he was ever a pleader for the small landed proprietors, for the claims of labour; in private he

would strip himself of his own cloak to give to an aged, poorly-clothed villager; he would give work to the oldest and most weakly, paying them as the able-bodied, and if there was a poor wretch of a mechanic whom nobody else would employ, the tender heart of Sismondi melted within him, and he preferred having his locks spoiled to taking away the man's last chance.

The cloud over his first admiration for England, which gathered considerably in his latter days, was somewhat painful as to his sympathies with his excellent English wife, with whom in almost every other respect the union was perfect — nay, there *was* another difference. Madame admitted the Thirty-Nine Articles — Monsieur could not do so. Every Sunday he worshipped in the "Temple," but, as he said, occasionally he constituted a minority, and was not with the preacher. Once, when in England, he records in his journal, "That execrable history of Deborah was read;" and again, his having avoided speech with any one after hearing a sermon on eternal punishment; and he records his vow "never again to enter an *English* church, lest he should be exposed to hear such blasphemies, never to contribute to spread what the *English* call their Reformation, for by its side Romanism is a religion of mercy and grace," &c. Strong words, but Sismondi never trifled, and where his feelings were stirred he dealt his blows right and left with all his strength. Take him for all in all, he was, if not a man of genius, if not capable, through a deficiency in imagination, of rising to the great heights of eloquence, more perfectly true to his ideal, more just, earnest and consistent at most points than almost any of his contemporaries. He appreciated excellence in its most varied forms. He cared little for perfection of style, and so long as he found room to say what he thought truth demanded, he did not mind its being a little out of order. Few authors, perhaps few men, have from youth to age set before themselves the well-being of their fellow-creatures with such tenacity of purpose. His whole career is a noble lesson, full of instruction and interest.

From the Spectator.

#### THE FLEETS AT CHERBOURG.

THE alliance with France is not perhaps the one which, were the world before them, English statesmen would deliberately choose. Liberals at least cherish a dream of another

and a stronger one, to be formed when the clouds of to-day have swept out of sight, when two peoples divided only by mutual ignorance, have learned to know each other, when the flags of four nations sprung from one race and speaking one tongue may float side by side, and the Anglo-Saxon alliance secure to the world one century at least of advance unimpeded by wars or threats of armed invasion. It looks like a dream just now, but dreams are sometimes realized, and twenty years hence, when the petty bickerings of to-day are forgotten, and intercourse with America is as rapid and as uninterrupted as the intercourse between London and Edinburgh, it may need but the rise of an idea to bind together two Governments which will then control eighty millions of English-speaking men, and are even now so strong at sea that, were they united, they could limit the area of any war, or prohibit by a word an attempt at trans-oceanic conquest or attack. It looks like a dream, but two nations alone in their hearts desire peace and freedom for all mankind, and those two, one in ideals, in language, in literature, and in blood, separated only by differences of social organization, and daily rubbing those differences away, have gained even now a position in which their agreement would make them the referees of the world. Sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, for clouds move and the sunshine remains, they will recognize the truth, and then the small intrigues of little Sovereigns will be recorded with much of the tolerance parochial quarrels now enjoy. Such quarrels do not greatly distress even parishioners, for they are sure of the ultimate reference, and that the decree will be at once just and final. That, however, is in the future, and though we trust this generation may live to see it, and see with it all seas made free, and all continents pacified, and mankind at last free to do and say what lies in it to say and do, without let or hindrance, we acknowledge the dream is not yet within the domain of practical politics. For the hour Britons and Americans dread, and suspect, or detest each other, or rather fancy they do, almost as much as English and Scotch once did, and the indefinitely smaller French alliance is therefore of moment, both to this country and the world. The festival of the fleets at Cherbourg is, we imagine, intended to show Europe that this alliance is not only unbroken, but is warming up again into the *entente cordiale* which, according to the *Moniteur*, the French Minister of Marine has toasted with so effusive a cordiality. The meeting supplies in the courtesy of Govern-

ments the place which an invitation to dine supplies in that of individuals, both being in themselves unimportant, but acquiring after a fit of estrangement a well-understood significance.

It is not easy to comprehend how politicians in either country who seriously care for the peace and security of the Continent should object to the only alliance which can form a power strong enough to arbitrate between nations, but there is a party among us which regards the *entente cordiale* with a strong though latent dislike. Their real reason probably is the belief, as old as modern history, that France and England can have no interests in common; but when pressed, they always allege that the adherence of Great Britain makes the Emperor of the French too strong. He, they argue, is not seeking peace, or the triumph of civilization either, but direct advantages for his dynasty and his people, and we are simply instruments through which he hopes, while playing for very great stakes, to limit his liability. If he played his game alone his alternatives would be victory or destruction, but with England for an ally he is always certain that his opponent, defeated or victorious, will be glad to make peace. This, they add in illustration, is at this moment his policy in the most pressing of his engagements. He is playing in Mexico for an imperial stake, and if he played it alone must either win or be ruined, but with England by his side he not only doubles his chance of ultimate success, but if unsuccessful is sure that his adversary will be too hardly pushed to follow up his good fortune. And this, say these critics, is what the Emperor always does. If we had joined him in Poland he would either have created a new France upon the Danube, or have retreated, certain that no Continental alliance would venture to pursue. If we would have granted the terms upon which he offered to protect Denmark, he would either have gained the Rhine, so terminating opposition to his dynasty, or have retired, quite sure that Austria at least, with the British in Venice, would not have entered France.

Those objections are worth a hearing, if only because they represent the latent feeling of politicians who only wait an opportunity to speak out, but they are not, we conceive, well founded. Of course if they were true as to Mexico, if it were a condition of the *entente cordiale* that England should guarantee Maximilian, if in short we were about to purchase French alliance at the cost of an American war, there would be an end of discussion. Napoleon would have

done precisely what his critics assert he is always trying to do — won an imperial stake by risking British gold. But we deny that it is true, believe the whole story to be an injurious fable, born of Southern irritability and Northern sensitiveness about interference. The Government has not promised to stand by France in Mexico, for the very good reason that if it had it would cease to be a government. Lord Palmerston is powerful, and the Cabinet has a majority, but in England wars are made by the people, and the people have made up their minds that they will fight the Union when the Union attacks or threatens them, and not one minute before. They would as soon think of fighting for Mexico as of fighting for Cochin China, and care less for the balance of power in North America than the balance of power on the Plate. They would not join Napoleon in Mexico when adhesion involved no risk, and will certainly not join him now, when it would involve a long and utterly fruitless war. The idea is a bugbear, which could only have gained credence even among Americans during a momentary lull in politics, and apart from Mexico the English alliance has always restrained Napoleon. It has brought him additional strength, but it has also modified the direction in which that strength could be used. The Emperor would have expelled the Austrians from Italy whether we liked it or not, but left alone he would have replaced one foreign dominion by another. Villafranca was nullified because England, while still allied to France made an united Italy the condition of its alliance. That necessity of going on to the end which Napoleon if left alone might feel is not a security for peace, but an assurance that every war will end in a grand catastrophe. No gamester plays so recklessly as the man who dare not lose, nor is any battle so savage as that in which quarter is sure to be refused. Napoleon beaten could get no terms, Napoleon plus England can always get them, and acquires with his additional strength that moderation of which strength is the root. The Emperor is compelled to carry out ideas, originally at once dreamy and selfish, within the limits imposed by English moderation and sense of rectitude. The argument, therefore, that the alliance strengthens too greatly a power already aggressive and formidable is delusive, and in every other aspect it is an unmixed gain. In the far East it acts as an insurance, distributing the losses involved in the victory of civilization; in the near East it arrests the squabble for the sick man's inheritance until the true heir is found; and in Europe, po-



litically so called, it prevents that triumph of wrong which always follows the neutralization of France. With England and France distrustful of each other, three men, all despots by training, by conviction, and by circumstance, have the nations at their feet, and can propose to each other, as they have recently done, sales of their own subjects — and of nations which retain not only the moral but the technical right to be free. If the Kaiser may sell the Duchies for a guarantee of Venetia, or Prussia forbid a Scandinavian union for secure possession of Posen, or Russia offer Warsaw as the price of security in her remaining plunder, why should not the three combine in a new Holy Alliance, fatal, if not to the map of Europe, at least to the freedom of its inhabitants? They cannot, because they are faced by an alliance stronger than their own, which if not from instinct, then from policy, is favourable alike to freedom and the nationalities. The coolness between England and France was followed by the execution of Poland, their coldness by that of Denmark, and a quarrel between them would be the signal for a sentence on Italy. It is because we believe the *entente cordiale* prevents a repetition of crimes like these, and not because Napoleon is the best possible English ally, that we welcome cordially the drama now enacting at Cherbourg. The alliance is beneficial in itself, more beneficial in the publicity such a *fête* will give to its existence.

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From the Saturday Review.

#### FAST LIFE AND HIGH LIFE.

VICE is a monster of such hideous mien that we are frightened away by its very aspect, says the moralist in poetry. Vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness, says another moralist in poetical, or at least antithetical, prose. Either sentiment is sufficiently questionable; but there is an aspect of modern society which suggests some reflections, and with which both these well-known sayings seem to have a sort of connection. There is a vice which, as far as we can judge, society does not seem exactly to know how to deal with. It is not a very pleasant subject to write about, but we are going to say something on unmarried connections. It is a curious thing, but it may be that the extraordinary publicity which is now-a-days given to topics connected with this matter may be traced to what we call our real and practical treatment of all subjects. In art, in literature, even in religion,

we are very real people — at least we say so. Our crusade is against shams, hypocries, conventionalisms, and all the rest of it. We not only call a spade a spade, but we brandish even our dungforks in society. We are not afraid of anything. We paint, and write, and talk what we see, with the most minute accuracy and entire fidelity to nature. We photograph everything. Facts are facts, and what is the use of facts unless they are used? There they are, and everything must have a use in the great economy of things. We are all for the literal, true, and real. We are verily a practical generation. It is not to be denied that, in human things, a very considerable space is occupied by the relation of the sexes. All men are animals, as Aldrich very frequently remarks; and our animality is certainly a fact not, in these days, lost sight of. It is a fact that some men marry, and some men do not marry but do worse, and some men marry and do worse too. This is a fact certainly not peculiar to our own age and society, but it is peculiar to our own age and society to treat it as society just now treats it. Whether that treatment is right or wrong is a very serious question; but that it is a new treatment of an old state of things — a state of things nearly as old as the days when Adam delved — is beyond dispute. M. Dupin has called attention to this new phase of society in France. That it exists among ourselves we have more than once hinted.

That there always have been and always will be illicit connections of the sexes is what realists call a great fact; and, in one aspect of this fact, we certainly cannot refuse to admit that a good deal of harm has been done by pretending to believe that it does not now exist. But this is only on the medical and police view of the case. We have often urged that the time has come for treating *femmes publiques*, we do not say as a sort of recognized institution, but at least as a department of the public health. This, however, is not the question. Practically, *femmes publiques* are a public institution already, and their undeniable existence is ignored by authority in what we venture to think a very unsafe sense, and in a fashion which is revolting to right feeling. But we make up for our public silence by private and very open recognition of the same thing. What is not a matter for the State to regulate is a subject for people to talk about, and write novels about, and discuss even in the most polite society. Hetairism has been recommended almost on principle, and St. John's Wood presses its claims boldly. Lorettes are a recognized condi-

tion of modern society; and a phrase has been invented — the *demi-monde* — which implies not only recognition and a *status*, but a certain social standing.

There is not, and there is, a novelty in all this. Nobody can have read the personal memoirs and private histories of modern times without knowing that mistresses have often played a considerable rôle in actual life; and there never was an age or country in which prostitution, impure and anything but simple, was not part of society. Not to go back to the days of Aspasia, the companion and friend of the foremost men of her time, in what are called the profligate days of Louis and Charles it seems that female virtue, and of course male virtue, was rare enough. Chastity was hardly considered a virtue at all. But that was the age of mistresses; and those mistresses, who were bad enough in their way, had a quality of badness which, anyhow, was different from "fie-fie" life in these days. Lais and Phryne there were, but Lais and Phryne not only were allowed in society, but really had some sort of claims to toleration. A woman who had a succession of lovers was very often a lady, and always had something to recommend her besides her venal charms. Vice somehow or other, or memoirs mislead us, had lost something of its grossness; and the manners of the age of patches and powder might perhaps have justified something of Burke's axiom. But, even in those debauched times, there was a good deal of female virtue and of domestic honour and purity. We very much doubt whether virtuous matrons and modest maidens of those days knew as much and saw as much, or at any rate gossiped as much, about Loretteism, or whatever the word then was, as our good and virtuous women do now. To be sure, there were always strange social anomalies; and, in high life particularly, ethical rules were oddly elastic. An exception seems to have been made in favour of royal favourites; and we learn from Lady Cowper's Diary that she, a strictly good and virtuous woman, as a matter of course cultivated all sorts of social intercourses with George I.'s bery of ugly German favourites. But Lady Cowper does not seem to have known much, or indeed anything at all, of the Skittles and Anonyma of the period. She would probably have boxed the ears of any Sir Plume who had ventured on the nasty subject. Some of our ladies, on the other hand, not only have ample knowledge on all such matters, but make no scruple about showing and increasing their knowledge. This is the new fact of society which makes some of

us old-fashioned folks, stare and gasp, as Milton says.

Now, how are we to account for all this? We repeat that something must be attributed to what is termed our realism. Many ladies say, or we suppose would say, that it is a matter of fact that their brothers, or sons, or uncles, do consort with women of a particular stamp; and that they know it; and that it is a sham and insincerity to pretend not to know it. This is all very fine, but it really produces some very unpleasant results, and leads to at least queer conversations. At the very best, if we must treat the matter in the realistic way we have been talking about, we must say that a professional courtesan is really a very disgusting commodity. In a certain sense, the institution may be a necessity; yet the social evil, as it is called, really is an evil. Theoretically, at least, the old-fashioned every man with his own wife, and every woman with her own husband, is a better sort of thing, socially as well as morally. Hetairism is an ugly consequence of a disjointed social state. Luxury, expensive habits, the increased and increasing requirements of a house and family, the three-hundred-a-year question, and so on, may all be tending to make married life less and less attainable for young men; and all these things may, by a melancholy necessity, make Hetairism more of an institution. But the question is, whether society is quite right in not only recognizing, but in tolerating and almost welcoming, this necessity. One thing is most certain — that, apart from all other and higher considerations, it is very bad policy on the part of marrying mothers and marriageable daughters to recognize it, as, in too many cases, they do now. At present, recognition, and by no means a tacit recognition, is pretty much confined to the upper classes—at least it is in the upper classes that it is most conspicuous. And the curious thing is, that it goes on side by side with a general amount of female virtue which we believe is largely in excess of former experience. In comparing the general state of morals now with the state of morals in England at the beginning of the last century, the balance would probably, though it is not so certain a matter, be in our favour. There has been a general rise of all the social strata, in morality as in other things. But that which is characteristic of our day is, that the life and manners, the conversation and dress, the habits and history of courtesans are matters of general interest, and supply topics of conversation, to too many ladies, married and unmarried. Betsy Trull's ponies, and the furniture and

decorations of Mistress Moll Flanders' lodgings, are often as much a matter of curiosity and gossip to the British female of high life as Lady Araminta's engagement. To be sure we don't call them Trull and Flanders, as our grandfathers did, but Anonyma. It would be better, however, as we are so very real and practical, if we were a little more so, and used more Saxon speech when we speak of the courtesans of the day. It is now not only a matter of course for young (or, for the matter of that, for old) gentlemen to lounge about the nest of the soiled doves at the Opera, often in the very sight of their own mothers and sisters — or, in the Park, to pass from the carriage door of the prostitute to that of the fine lady — but it is a matter of course also for many fine ladies to see those interviews, and not seldom to discuss the prostitutes much as they do any other subject of the day. What the mothers do, the daughters see and hear, and if they do what the mothers do they are only following the maternal example. This, we must frankly say, is a very disgusting, and also a very novel, feature in English society. That it is not a general one we admit; but that it exists at all is a disgrace. It is possible that a young maiden may not be really the worse for her knowledge of Hetaïrism; and it is quite possible that, in other days, young gentlemen went from the bowers of Cythera to the boudoirs and drawing-rooms of high and fashionable life. But we hardly think that they talked about the matter as some of them do now. And if all this does not tend to efface the limits between vice and virtue, to ruffle the maidenly bloom, and to jar with the matronly modesty of speech and thought, human nature is changed, and pitch can be touched and no defilement follow. It is possible that at present, this evil may, for the most part, be confined to the "higher classes," or a section of them, but social manners soon spread. Tyburnia treads on the heels of Belgravia, and Bloomsbury presses close on Marylebone, and Islington and Hackney must follow the course of fashion. Something akin to this really social evil is said to occur from the multiplication of Music Halls, in which the artisan's wife and daughters as a matter of course freely mix with the *demi-monde* of a much lower world.

And, if we might be permitted to say so, it is the very worst policy for young ladies on their promotion to affect — for we only do them justice in saying that it is often mere affectation — a familiarity which they do not possess with these forbidden subjects. Ladies have their own talk in the

gynæceum, such talk being usually on flounces, flirtations, and the like. There is a parallel institution belonging to the other sex. There is such a thing as club talk, for example. And we can assure all those whom it may concern, whether mothers or daughters, that their familiarity, real or assumed, with the life and conversation, the manners and habits of disreputable women is perfectly understood and appreciated by all men whom they permit to hold conversation with them on such topics. Fast young ladies are taken at the estimate they put on their own delicacy. No mother ever married her daughter, and no daughter ever secured a husband, by sprightly chaffy talk on things immoral. The way to matrimony is not by displaying familiarity with that life which is not matrimony. Not that mothers alone are to blame. Society, even polite society, has its class of professional chaperones, who all but rival in morals other convenient dames whose profession is by no means equivocal. There are many wrinkled sinners of *ton* who perhaps do not possess the respectable name of Béranger's *grand' mère*, but whose talk to their young lady friends and charges is of

Combien je regrette  
Mon bras si dodu,

and whose counsels and slippery allusions to sin are among the most dangerous influences that can assail female youth. However, there is a remedy for all this. There are plenty of ladies who are aware of the evil we have been discussing, but who feel themselves powerless to prevent it, and who have not the moral courage to resent what is, in fact, an insult to themselves and their daughters. The evil is palpable enough; and the men who openly encourage the growing insolence of courtesans in the Park and at the Opera make themselves sufficiently notorious and conspicuous. If such were as rigidly excluded from all respectable houses, and from the usual courtesies of society, as demireps were banished from old Queen Charlotte's Court, the evil would be speedily and thoroughly abated. It only exists because it is tolerated by respectable matrons, and it is in the power of respectable matrons to put it down. No doubt the increasing familiarity of all classes with each other, arising from the general publicity of life, of which railway travelling is partly the cause and partly the effect, may have much to do with this deplorable laxity of man-

ners; but artificial restraints of some sort become the more necessary when we are in a transitional state of society. The age of prudery has departed; little is gained by replacing it by an age of indelicacy. Dr. Fordyce's *Sermons to Young Ladies* are out of date, Miss Yonge has lived her day, and a sort of *esprit fortism* is now the fashionable thing. Young ladies of the present day may say, as their French sisters are accused of saying:—

Le bel instituteur des filles  
Que ce Monsieur de Fénelon !  
Il parle de messe et d'aiguilles :  
Maman, c'est un sot tout du long.

But on the whole, as these are days of revivals, we wish that some of our fast girls would revive not only their great-grandmothers' hoops, but their great-grandmothers' modesty of language and purity of manners.

And what also ought to be noticed is, that the courtesans of the day who receive this undisguised consideration and recognition from society are remarkable only for their brazen impudence and vulgarity. There have been soiled doves who had some sort of wit, refinement, education, or something else than mere animal charms. But now-a-days they have, we suspect, a good deal more of the soil than of the dove about them. Unless they are belied, strong drink is their weakness, and indecency their wit. The horsy talk of fast young ladies is a distant, yet not always so dis-

tant, resemblance of the chaste conversation of the class whom it is thought the right thing for our young maidens to emulate in dress, equipage, manners, and perhaps at last in morals. No doubt something of this unnatural aspect of virtue towards vice is to be attributed to the nonsense talked about, and to, "fallen woman." We admit to the full that it is the duty of virtue and religion to do their best to reclaim prostitutes, but the way to reclaim them is not to pet them. The "fallen sister" of the Society's Report we believe to be about as common, in fact, as any other heroine of a sentimental tale. If we were to believe most of the scrofulous French novels, every harlot and adulteress is a pattern of every virtue under heaven. They may manage these things better in France. Brompton and Pimlico do not even pretend to a sentimental aspect. The Traviata of London life, and of fact, is a young person of vulgar birth and of still more vulgar soul, who probably never lost her virtue, because in the true sense she never possessed any; but who of malice aforethought, and with a full determination to better herself, went upon the town because it was a pleasanter and easier life than honest service and respectable labour. Now and then one of these sad victims of seduction "has luck," and becomes the rage. These are the goddesses of modern fashion; these are the extant models, in manners and conversation, of the British fast young lady.

#### WAITING FOR CHRIST.

We wait for Thee, all glorious One !  
We look for Thine appearing ;  
We hear Thy name, and on the throne  
We see Thy presence cheering.  
Faith even now  
Uplifts its brow,  
And sees the Lord descending,  
And with Him bliss unending.

We wait for Thee through days forlorn,  
In patient self-denial ;  
We know that Thou our guilt hath borne  
Upon Thy cross of trial.  
And well may we  
Submit with Thee  
To bear the cross and love it,  
Until Thy hand remove it.

We wait for Thee ; already Thou  
Hast all our hearts' submission ;  
And though the spirit sees Thee now,  
We long for open vision ;  
When ours shall be  
Sweet rest with thee,  
And pure, unfading pleasure,  
And life in endless measure.

We wait for Thee with certain hope —  
The time will soon be over :  
With childlike longing we look up  
Thy glory to discover.  
O bliss ! to share  
Thy triumph there,  
When home, with joy and singing,  
The Lord his saints is bringing.

— From the German of Hiller.